

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1878.

The Week.

CONGRESS adjourned for the holidays on Friday. The Senate has passed the Pension and Postal-Car Deficiency bills, and a bill repealing the law which permits jury challenges on the ground of voluntary participation in the Rebellion. The House has passed the Indian Appropriation Bill without regard to the controversy now pending about the transfer. On Thursday Senator Burnside reported from his Joint Committee the voluminous Army Bill, whose preparation had been kept quite secret. Simultaneously the House Naval Committee has agreed upon a bill establishing a Board of Assistants to the Secretary of the Navy. The House Committee on Currency and Finance adjourned without being able to reach a conclusion, sane or insane, in regard to the wild measures that have been referred to it.

Southern outrage debates have come, since the practical settlement of the Southern question by the withdrawal of Federal interference, to have chiefly a theatrical value. If the Democratic leaders would once recognize the fact that a debate cannot be carried on by one side, these contests would come to an end. But this seems never to have occurred to them. Or rather, there is just enough left of the old sectional feeling, and of resentment at the process of reconstruction, to make it certain that if some one on the Republican side "arouses the passions of the war," some one on the Democratic will lose his head and "hurl back" the charges against "his people." There is no earthly reason why he should do so, for silence on the Democratic side would reduce Mr. Blaine's eloquence to mere sound and fury. But the Democrats learn slowly, and it will probably be some time before they discover how to baffle a sharp and unscrupulous adversary like Maine's "favorite son." In the late debate they got the worst of it, as usual; but they had their revenge afterwards. The Blaine resolutions were of course that gentleman's bid for the Presidency; but he apparently forgot in his eagerness that he had not only Democrats to deal with, but rivals within his own party. There are several other gentlemen in Congress who wish to be nominated in 1880, and they have no idea that Mr. Blaine shall run the "outrage-mill" as if he had proprietary rights in it. "Outrages" are no man's property, but are a common fund upon which all prominent party men have a right to draw. So when Mr. Blaine, after demanding an investigation of the recent alleged interferences with the freedom of elections in the South, refused point blank to go upon the committee, his behavior struck everybody as slightly unfair. To have two or three of his rivals placed on a specially appointed committee to grind out "capital" for his Presidential campaign while he retained control of the floor (he is by all odds the best speaker, so far as effectiveness and readiness go, in the Senate) was too much to ask. When, therefore, the debate was over, and the time for the appointment of the committee came, a most comical scene took place, in which Mr. Blaine tramped about the Senate trying to get members of that body to serve on it. No one would serve. Entreaty and exhortation were unavailing, and the Maine statesman finally had to content himself with a committee composed of the feeblest Republican material, with Mr. Teller at its head, and one or two very strong Democrats on the minority.

The first meeting of the Committee had some of the characteristics of a popular comedy. Only six of the nine members were present, and the proceedings began by an attempt on Mr. Bayard's part to get some of the "rudimentary facts," as the *Times* calls them, by

moving that the President be requested to furnish the documents and testimony on which he based the "outrage portion" of his message. This seems harmless and rational enough, but the Republicans defeated it by a tie vote. Mr. Bailey then moved that Mr. Blaine be requested to furnish a few "specifications" on which the Committee might base their enquiry and carry out the instructions given in his resolution, and this was carried, and three members, two of them Republicans, then started for their homes to spend Christmas. Mr. Teller, the Chairman, then tried to "serve" a copy of the resolution on Mr. Blaine, who might naturally have been supposed to be watching eagerly the progress of this momentous inquest; but, strange to say, he could not be found. The Committee then determined to ask Mr. Thurman for a few "specifications," and afterwards adjourned until January 9. The truth is, be it painful or agreeable, that although it is the correct thing in the party for a politician to profess to be horrified by the outrages, and to storm about them in public, and threaten that he will not rest quietly in his bed another night without finding a remedy, after writing his fierce article or delivering his indignant philippic he smiles privately over the whole affair, and goes to bed and sleeps as sound as a top.

In the debate in the House on the bill referring the remaining claims in the Geneva award to the Court of Claims, Mr. Frye, of Maine, took a prominent part, showing that the insurance companies ought not to get anything, either because they made too much money during the war or because some of them have since become bankrupt, and he denounced the press which supports their claims as "hired." But his statements, even if true, are wholly irrelevant. The sole question Congress has to ask itself on this matter is, For what purpose or for what reason did we say we were entitled to this money, and for what purpose and for what reason was it awarded to us? If we claimed it for the insurance companies and they were not entitled to it, we were guilty of fraud; if it was awarded to us for the insurance companies on this claim, and we now refuse to give it to them, we are guilty of fraud. There is no abstruse law or statecraft about this; it is elementary morality, and when Mr. Frye declares he cannot see it, and becomes abusive and seeks to grab the money for charity ("poor men" who had lost by the war), what he needs is not a logician, but a patient Sunday-school teacher.

The matter has gone over till after the holiday recess, when a vote will be taken. One of the curious features of the discussion as it now stands is, that the Republican opponents of the bill are endeavoring to create a party division on it. The minority of the Judiciary Committee, although headed by McMahon, an out-and-out Democrat, are mainly Republicans, and nearly all the New England representatives (mainly Republicans also) follow their lead. On the other hand some of the best of the Western Republicans are known to be in favor of referring all the claims to the courts; but they remain perfectly dumb, and are allowing the mass of their party to be dragged by the energetic New England Republicans into voting against the bill. The result will be, unless a decided change sets in before the recess is over, that the bill will be carried, if carried at all, mainly by Democratic votes, and if defeated, defeated by Republican votes.

General Sherman is probably right in his opinion that the new bill to reduce and reorganize the Army "will pass as a whole or fail altogether." His desire is to see it pass, and, with a legislative body accustomed to defer to experts, this fact and the unanimity of the Joint Congressional Committee who have framed the bill would go far to ensure its passage. The bill is naturally a long one, and the larger part of it has little interest for the public, consisting, as it

does, of minute regulations for all branches of the service. The maximum of the Army is placed at 25,000 men, but the reductions among the officers of all grades are compensated by temporarily enlarging the Retired List beyond the limits now fixed by law, and by creating a Reserved List, to be maintained for three years or at the pleasure of Congress. The cavalry regiments are reduced from ten to eight, the infantry consolidated to eighteen, with five artillery regiments. The military organization has for its head a so-called Corps of General Officers, consisting of one General, one Lieutenant-General, three Major-Generals, and six Brigadier-Generals, to be reduced as vacancies hereafter occur to two Major-Generals and four Brigadier-Generals. The General Staff succeeds, formed by the union of the Adjutant-General's and Inspector-General's departments. The Quartermaster's and Commissary departments are left separate, with reductions in each. The Pay Department, the most "political" of any, is but slightly disturbed; the Medical still less. The organization of the Engineers is left intact, but the manufacture of ordnance and ordnance stores by the Government is prohibited, and they must hereafter be purchased by contract or in open market. The chiefs of bureaus are to "act under the immediate direction and control of the Secretary of War, in all matters of accountability and administration not connected with military operations," and also as chiefs of staff to the Commanding General, and as such "report directly to him, and act under his immediate orders in all matters pertaining to the command of the Army." Promotions hereafter will be by seniority throughout the several lines, and not regimentally as now; and no promotion from below the rank of field officer will be made except after passing an examination. Among the changes affecting the Military Academy we notice that but one professor and one assistant professor of modern languages are allowed.

Mr. Albert Fink, one of the most, if not the most prominent railroad manager in the country, has been questioned by a reporter of the *Chicago Tribune* about the Reagan Inter-State Commerce Bill regulating railroad traffic. While believing that legislation can cure some of the evils of the existing situation, and that it is needed to cure them, he comments in strong terms on the wildness of attempting legislation with so little enquiry and consideration as were given to the Reagan Bill, which, as we showed last week, was passed with *ninety* minutes' debate. It is safe to say that in no other civilized country would an attempt to interfere with the management of \$4,000,000,000 of capital have been made without a year or two of laborious enquiry, in which all interests would have received a careful and patient hearing. Mr. Fink, therefore, remarks that American railroad companies dislike legislative interference, not because they think it would do no good, but because "legislative enactments are not sufficiently well considered to reach the abuses." He gives one striking illustration of the haste and imperfection of the Reagan Bill: it would subject the Erie Railroad to a host of serious restrictions, but would not reach its great competitor, the New York Central, at all, because the latter lies wholly within the State of New York. He adds that what is most needed is to give legal force to the agreements between the great competing lines as to rates, the present trouble being largely due, in his opinion, to the fact that these agreements are broken and unjust discriminations made by subordinate agents. The difficulty with the average, and even with the superior, Congressman seems to be that he cannot be got to understand what a complicated and delicate piece of machinery the commerce of a country like this, in this age, is.

Silver-men are not, as a rule, strong in argumentation, but every now and then one of them exposes himself to some simple correction which can be brought home to him, and which it is therefore worth while to make. Thus, the *Chicago Tribune* the other day crowed over our comparison of the proposed legislation against the

National Banks for using their legal right of option between the various legal tenders, to the doctrine about the powers of legislatures over the railroads produced during the Granger agitation at the West, because, says it, "the *Nation* cannot be so ignorant as not to be aware that this interference was approved as lawful by the Supreme Court of the United States." The *Nation* has never maintained or suggested that the proposed legislation against the banks would be unconstitutional or would not be approved by the Supreme Court. The Constitution permits almost immeasurable folly and mischief on the part of Congress. What we said, and thought any silver-man could understand, was that the attack on the banks would be unjust, immoral, foolish, ignorant, and inexpedient, whether it was lawful or not. One of the worst features in the silver mania is that its victims cannot distinguish between what is wise or right, and what an uproarious crowd of themselves choose to embody in a law. But there *is* a difference. The Silver Bill is law, but it is a mischievous and reprehensible law.

A curious conflict in Virginia between the State and Federal authorities was set forth last week in a message from the Governor to the Senate. Two negro defendants in a trial for murder in Patrick County had asked the court to reconstruct the jury so as to place on it some of their own race and color, duly qualified according to the laws of the State, on the ground that they could not expect an impartial trial by a white jury. The court refused this request, and they thereupon filed a petition for the removal of their cause to the United States Court; but this, too, being disregarded, after two trials a conviction was reached and sentence passed in the case of one of them. Their counsel then petitioned Judge Rives, of the United States Circuit Court, who issued a writ of habeas corpus, by which the prisoners were surrendered to the marshal of the district, and now await trial in the custody of the Federal authorities. Judge Rives depends, for justification of his action, on the Fourteenth Amendment, and on those sections of the Civil Rights Act which provide for removal in civil or criminal prosecutions wherever the party "is denied or cannot enforce in the judicial tribunals of the State, or in the part of the State where such suit is prosecuted, any right secured to him by any law providing for the equal rights of all citizens, or of all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States." The Attorney-General, reviewing this position, asserts that the right to be tried by a negro jury is not one of the rights conferred by the Constitutional Amendments or by the Civil Rights Act: that the offender against State law "can only demand to be tried as other citizens of the State charged with similar offences are tried"; that the removal provided for in §641 of the Revised Statutes must relate to some right secured by the Amendments or the Civil Rights Act which has been denied or cannot be enforced; that "the trials of the Reynolds in the Circuit Court of Patrick County were made to conform in every respect to the laws of the State. They were denied nothing which any white citizens could have rightfully claimed." He adds that the proper course for the defendants was to take a bill of exceptions to the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State, and thence, if need be, to the United States Supreme Court. As a remedy for the wrong which he conceives to have been done the State, he recommends application to the Supreme Court for a mandamus. Judge Tredway, whose jurisdiction was invaded, also favors this step, but thinks it possible that the Department of Justice, if applied to through the Executive, may take cognizance of the matter and afford redress.

The language of the Fourteenth Amendment being explicit in its inhibition to *States* and not to individuals, Judge Rives was forced to maintain that the denial of a right by any one of the three departments of a State is equivalent to a denial by the State, in the sense of the Amendment. This is certainly novel doctrine, and asserts a responsibility to the Federal Government for their judiciaries which the Southern States have heretofore supposed pertained to their leg-

isolation alone. An "irreconcilable" judge accordingly might nullify all the virtue of enactments purporting in good faith to ensure perfect equality. In the second place, Judge Rives derives the right to a mixed jury from the very ample discretion allowed a judge, under the laws of Virginia, in determining the composition of juries, though not the remotest allusion is made to color in any part of them. As the Virginia papers well point out, an express provision for mixed juries would have perpetuated those distinctions of race and color which the South is endeavoring to blot out; and, as it is, nothing could be more grotesque than the employment of the Civil Rights Act to revive these distinctions in opposition to its own spirit and letter, and to the wishes of the white population of Virginia, where "all male citizens between the ages of 21 and 90, who are entitled to vote and hold office," are liable to jury duty.

The New England Dinner on Tuesday night had an unusual number of political dignitaries among the speakers—Mr. Sherman, Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Blaine among them. Mr. Evarts drew an amusing but not grossly exaggerated picture of the commercial future of this now united country, apparently making little account of "outrages," and predicted that before many years every inland town on the prairies would be a seaport, and swarm with sailors' boarding-houses. Mr. Blaine repeated the story of the settlement of New England, and of the influence which the population of that region had exerted on the rest of the country—which has a strangely familiar sound. Mr. Sherman spoke, as it was proper he should, mainly on finance, and in doing so paid Mr. McCulloch, who was present, the well-merited compliment of saying that if the policy instituted by him had been strictly pursued "we should have arrived at specie payments sooner, but the distress might have been sharper and the labor more severe." It is but fair to observe, however, that it is also probable that had Mr. McCulloch's policy been pursued from 1867 the frantic speculation which ended in the panic of 1873 would never have sprung up, and hundreds of millions of capital would not have been sunk in unproductive or only partially productive enterprises, and the various crazes about the greenback through which we have passed would probably not have broken out. In fact, there is plenty of reason for believing that Mr. McCulloch's road was the easiest after all.

The week, so far as financial and commercial events are concerned, has been a quiet one. Gold has ruled at par, the sales having been at par and a small broker's commission, varying from $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{32}$, and all classes show confidence in the successful beginning of specie payments. There is no reason now for believing that the transition from suspension to resumption by the Treasury will be accompanied with any more shock than is the transition from night to day. The Treasury gave notice early in the week that it will redeem, out of the proceeds of sales of 4 per cent. all the remaining 6 per cent. bonds of the issue of 1865. While all has gone so smoothly and satisfactorily in this country, financial and commercial affairs in England have been disturbed and agitated, but there have been no large failures. The Bank of England reserve has been reduced to less than 20 per cent. of liabilities. Discounts outside the Bank have advanced to 6 per cent., and advances on securities, corresponding to call loans in Wall Street, have been as high as 12 per cent. The Bank of England, however, has not advanced its posted rate for discounts above 5 per cent. Its receipts of gold from Paris and the Continent have been large, and the specie it has lost has not gone out of the country—a circumstance that probably accounts for the Bank rate being unchanged. The condition of the London money market has had the effect of advancing the rate for demand bills on London to 4.89, or within one-half a cent of the point that takes specie from us. This is the one unfavorable feature of the situation here respecting resumption. Silver has taken another tumble in London—to 49½d. per ounce—and the bullion value of the 412½-grain standard dollar here has fallen to \$0.8391. Mexican dollars which contain fully one per cent. more silver than do our stan-

dard dollars, but which have no legal-tender value, have sold in New York during the week at 85 to 84½ cents.

There appears to be no doubt any longer that Shir Ali has fled from Cabul, and that all regular resistance to the British advance is at an end. But the result is, of course, a sort of anarchy, tempered by the semi-independence of the various chiefs or sirdars, and upon the invader will devolve the task of setting up another government. In short, things have thus far run very much the same course as in 1839, when the real trouble only began after Dost Mahomet had run away. Doubtless the Indian Government will not attempt, as it did then, the mad enterprise of putting a puppet of its own on the throne, but there is great danger that any one who takes Shir Ali's place at its instigation or under its protection, or as a consequence of its attack on him, will be fatally discredited from the outset, and will have to rely more or less on foreign assistance for the enforcement of his authority. Should this prove true, it will dispose in a curious way of one of the leading Jingo arguments for the maintenance of the Sultan—namely, that if he was overthrown there would be no substitute for him. This is, in fact, the strongest objection to attacking any Eastern despot. If he is beaten the conqueror has to take his place. Jalakabad has been occupied without resistance, and even with a welcome from the inhabitants. The latest news is that Yakub Khan, the Amir's persecuted son, has been set up in his father's place by some of the sirdars, but he will need a British guarantee to hold his own.

The Russian mission lingered at Cabul after the Minister had withdrawn, but it is now announced that the mission has been withdrawn also, in obedience to orders from St. Petersburg, where friendship with Great Britain is the order of the day; and it is also reported that a definitive treaty with Turkey is at last on the point of completion, and that 100,000 of Todleben's troops will soon be on their way home. This pacific turn is, however, ascribed to internal troubles and the vague fear of Nihilism, which appears to grow stronger, and of late is supposed to have its principal seat in the universities, the students of which are at present at loggerheads with the police, and there is talk of closing the whole of them for a year. Of the hostility of the students to the constituted authorities there seems to be no doubt, and just as little that the universities are a hotbed of revolutionary ideas; and revolutionary ideas in Russia are radical in the strict sense of the word. This antagonism began in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, who treated the universities very much as he did his regiments, and governed them through military and naval men. Under the present Emperor this régime has been greatly modified; but, on the other hand, the student class has been largely increased, and it is exposed to influences and ideas of which nothing was known in Nicholas's time.

The policy of the present Minister of Public Instruction has been to discountenance the study of natural science, as the source of mutiny and insubordination, and encourage that of the classics, as favorable to discipline and authority and to the state religion; but, of course, science being in the air, the principal result of this has been to make the dead languages seem the symbol of tyranny and reaction, and give a sort of conspirators' zest to the cultivation of all scientific ideas which seem to belittle the existing social organization. General Perfilieff, the chief of the gendarmerie at Moscow, says that so far back as 1874 7,000 young men were expelled for radicalism, and he gave it as his solemn opinion that the Nihilists were mainly recruited among the collegians. The remedy for the trouble seems to be in giving up the classical régime and letting science have its way. If it were plain that the Government was not afraid of it, the students would probably care less about it. The universities, too, have been deprived of the limited amount of self-government they once enjoyed, and this, of course, is another source of hostility to the Government.

RESUMPTION.

THE United States will have resumed specie payments before our next issue reaches our readers, after seventeen years of suspension. We shall not then be wholly clear of trouble, because the Government will have after January 1 entered on the performance of an entirely new function—that of a bank of issue, which is, we believe, a novelty in the history of finance. To what degree the Treasury is fitted for the proper discharge of such a duty, and what will be the particular dangers to which it will be exposed in the discharge of it, it is useless as yet to discuss. It is enough for the present to say that if specie payments be maintained even for three months, in company with a continuance of the improvement in business which everybody acknowledges, it will ruin utterly the argument of impracticability, which is the strongest the opponents of resumption have had to offer. Their attempts to show that we ought not to resume have not been half as effective as their attempts to show that we could not resume. Whatever may be the dangers which, after three months of resumption, may be still ahead, owing either to the possibility of a turn in the balance of trade or the increasing abundance of silver, people will refuse to trouble their heads about them, and will settle down into the belief that the Treasury will for ever hereafter pay one hundred cents on the dollar, and they will insensibly adapt their business and their way of thinking on all business matters to this belief. Contracts and transactions of all sorts will grow up on it, and thus create a powerful body of influence against any other change, which will be very effective in preventing any other change, just as the growth of transactions on the irredeemable currency created a powerful body of influence hostile to resumption, which furnished a strong obstacle to resumption. The way in which business is reviving, too, is likely to prove very favorable to the growth of steady and sound views about the currency. The revival does not really consist, according to all the best accounts, in a great increase of demand for commodities so much as in a restoration of confidence between dealers—that is to say, sellers have again begun to believe that they can safely give credit to buyers, and buyers have begun to show the caution which is one of the most marked characteristics of men who mean to pay what they promise. The speculative class, who were heavily encumbered with the *débris* of the good old times before the panic, and who really furnished the strongest element to the inflationist agitation, have been almost entirely ruined and have disappeared from the markets. Inflation now would come too late to save them. Even two years ago a good many of them were still struggling and clamoring for relief, but few if any now survive. In short, in the figurative slang of the street, “we have touched bottom,” or rather “we have been walking on the bottom for some time.” So that those whose rise will now begin, and whose opinions about financial matters will be most powerful during the next ten years, are either steady-going persons who have, through their prudence, avoided shipwreck during the last ten years, or beginners who start with the lessons of disaster fresh in their minds. Both classes will be opposed to speculative finance and to a fluctuating currency. Though last not least, resumption will have the support of that readiness to accept accomplished facts which forms so prominent a feature in the American temperament, and works such wonders in American politics. There is no country in which so little time is spent in vain regrets, and in which it is so hard to get up a movement in favor of undoing the done, and in which there is so little interest in the things that might have been. It is this which has really proved the greatest difficulty in the way of the opponents of the Resumption Act since its passage; and it will prove a still greater in the way of those who will still sigh for irredeemable paper.

The mode in which we have reached resumption is worth study. A history of the fluctuations of opinion about it, and of the various legislative attempts to deal with it since the close of the war, would be a contribution of considerable value to financial literature. It would illustrate both the great difficulty there is in bringing the experience of mankind to bear on legislation and the effect of legis-

lation in debauching public opinion. Every debate in Congress touching the currency since 1862 contains several speeches in which there is no trace of knowledge that any experiments in money had been tried before our time, or that any nation had wrestled before us with the problems we had to solve. Many more, while exhibiting this knowledge, treat it as of no value, and deal with the whole matter on the assumption that the people of the United States are a “chosen people,” who need not pay one hundred cents on the dollar if they do not wish to do so. We all remember how rapidly the theory grew up that in the greenbacks we had stumbled, by a happy accident, on a new mode of acquiring wealth and avoiding financial convulsions, and how rapidly, as the years went by, the remembrance that they were ever looked on as promissory notes began to fade, and how rapidly, too, in many minds, they began to wear the air of weapons of war, like a grandfather's sword or musket, halloved by associations, and unfit subjects for scientific examination or treatment. In fact, there is hardly any species of delusion or aberration about money, or its nature or functions, which might not be illustrated from the legislation or articles and speeches of the last seventeen years. No matter in what age they may have worked ruin, or in what condition of darkness or ignorance they may last have appeared, or how long it may have been since they were buried, out they came in the fierce light of American politics, and stalked about calmly under the fire of thousands of newspapers, pamphlets, and sermons.

The story is interesting, too, perhaps most interesting, as an illustration of the way in which under a popular government the rational, reflective, remembering element in society protects itself and civilization against folly and ignorance. The combat is carried on not by compact battalions, bearing down everything by sheer weight and volume, but by swarms of skirmishers, each pegging away from whatever position he deems best, now advancing and now retiring, as the nature of the ground may dictate, but all the while keeping up a steady fire, sometimes on a visible but more frequently on an invisible enemy, and for the most part without knowing until near the end what impression has been made. It may be said, in truth, that the victory in this case has been almost wholly due not to any political party or to any body of financiers, but to the unfaltering exertions of newspapers and ministers, acting without concert and addressing audiences which might, for the most part, be called hap-hazard. As a general rule, throughout the whole country, the ministers in all discourses in which they touched on public affairs (and such discourses recur now with increasing frequency) have treated financial heresies as a form of sin—as, in fact, disguised attempts to cheat, and thus helped greatly to keep the steadiest-going and most influential portion of the population sound on the main question. As a general rule, too, the qualities which made men editors or proprietors of leading newspapers kept their heads clear on the currency question, and enabled them to pursue with unsparing rigor the various fallacies which made their appearance in it. Without the powerful, subtle, and all-pervading opposition which emanated from these two sources to schemes of folly or knavery, it is all but certain that the active politicians of both parties would early in the struggle have tried some huge financial experiment which would have ended in wreck and repudiation.

THE SITUATION IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE ministerial crisis on both sides of the Leitha, brought about by the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, is slowly drawing to a close. In the Hungarian half of the dualistic monarchy, Count Andrassy's foreign policy has obtained the qualified support of both houses of the national legislature, and on December 7 a royal rescript announced the definitive continuance in office, with some changes, of the Tisza Cabinet, which for a number of weeks had been acting only provisionally. In Cis-Leithan Austria, the Assembly of which is much less favorably disposed toward the common Minister of Foreign Affairs, the remains of the Auersperg Cabinet, under the leading influence of Baron de Pretis, will pro-

bably continue their provisional administration to the end of the deliberations, now held at Pesth, of the delegations for common affairs of the Vienna Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet. In the Austrian delegation, as a telegram of December 7 has it, Andrassy obtained a victory in the rejection of the report of its Budget Committee, which recommended postponement of the discussion of the supplementary estimates demanded for the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina until the Reichsrath had given the delegation an opinion on the Treaty of Berlin; a proposed motion, on the other hand, for a vote of confidence in the Common Administration was quietly dropped. An expression of opinion on the part of the Hungarian Diet had been obtained by its delegation, and consequently, on December 14, after three days' stormy debates, it voted by a large majority twenty million florins for occupation expenses of next year. This large majority suffices to overbalance, on joint ballot, an adverse majority of the Austrian delegation, if any such should declare itself; for in the latter the supporters and opponents of the Foreign Office are nearly equal in number. Thus Andrassy is sure of being sustained; but a glance at the parliamentary discussions preceding this stage of affairs will show the extraordinary embarrassments under which he labors. His position, in fact strongly resembles that of a captain of a badly-shattered ship, who, in tempestuous waters, is not only doomed constantly to ward off collisions with stronger craft, but is generally at the most critical moments harassed by the dissensions and mutinous clamors of his own crew.

When the Hungarian Diet and the delegations were convened the successful issue of the unexpected military contest in Bosnia was achieved, but the victory was far from satisfying any considerable portion of the people in either half of the monarchy, excepting, perhaps, the Croats. The five diverse draughts of an address to the Crown presented in the Pesth House of Representatives show, in a striking way, how differently the Bosnian enterprise is judged by parliamentary groups belonging to different nationalities and parties, and how little favor it has found even with the supporters of the Government, the Liberal Magyar majority. Let us begin with the draught emanating from the weakest group, and presented by three Serb members of the Diet. It regards the Austrian intervention from a purely South-Slavic, more properly Servian, standpoint (which means, Bosnia ought to be Servia's), and condemns it as hostile to the interests and aspirations of the Slavs delivered from the Turkish yoke; as likely to convert them into bitter enemies of Austria-Hungary, ready to throw themselves into the arms of Russia; as the outgrowth of an internal policy consciously directed against the Slavic populations of Hungary, and destined—it is threateningly added—to lead to convulsions in the latter kingdom as dangerous as those which have just rent Turkey. The address presented by the Croat members of the Diet is, of course, equally dictated by Slavic sentiments, but it speaks approvingly of the occupation, provided it is to be converted into annexation, and the annexed provinces are to be incorporated with the Croat-Slavonian Kingdom—and thus to strengthen the latter for a future severance of the ties binding it to Hungary.

The address of the United Opposition, composed of the Conservatives and a fraction of the former Liberal party, condemns the policy of the Government from a properly Hungarian standpoint, as venturesome and aimless, and lacking national initiative. The occupation depends upon a mandate of foreign powers, and is limited by foreign interpretations. It wastes and misdirects the resources of the country. It has been undertaken and is carried on without the two parliaments having been consulted, or even frankly informed about its expediency or aims. This policy is thus neither constitutional nor national; the present advisers of the Crown have lost the confidence of the nation; a new Cabinet must be formed, the principal object of which is to be the counterbalancing of the Russian predominance in the Balkan Peninsula. The address and a separate resolution presented by the members of the Extreme Left or Party of Independence—aiming at the reduction of the connection between Hungary and Cis-Leithan Austria to a

merely personal union, and often, as in this case, receiving its inspiration from Kossuth—denounces Andrassy's policy in much more violent terms, declaring it to be the result of an intimate understanding with Gortchakoff, sanctioned at a meeting of the Emperors of Russia and Austria at Reichstadt in 1876; fatal to the national independence of Hungary; perfidious toward a friendly state, the Turkish; and, as carried out, regardless of constitutional limitations. For illegal subserviency to this unnatural foreign policy of the Common Ministry the impeachment of the Hungarian Cabinet of M. Tisza is demanded in the resolution.

The address of the Liberals—which *was* adopted—though intended to uphold both Andrassy and Tisza, and to shield them against attacks based on illegality and lack of patriotism, is yet strongly guarded in its expressions referring to the Bosnian enterprise. It acknowledges the duty of the Hungarian Cabinet to account for the foreign policy it supports, independently of the common Government's defence of it before the delegations. It directs his Majesty's attention to the great anxiety created in the country by the late military enterprise. It cannot suppress the enquiry whether, in the most favorable case, the aim attainable can be proportionate to the heavy sacrifices demanded. It does not dare to doubt the temporary character of the occupation. It emphasizes the conviction that his Majesty's loyalty to the constitutionally expressed wishes of his nations will prevent any attempt to transcend the line of occupation and administration marked out by the Treaty of Berlin. It points out the financial burdens and political difficulties connected with the trust received, however brief the term of its execution may be. It protests against all desire for external expansion. The nation wants peace; and, though ready to sacrifice it, as well as its last drop of blood, in defence of the monarchy, it is anxious to hoard its strength for the moment of real peril.

The enemy who threatens that peril—none of the Magyar fractions of the Diet disguises it—is Russia, in her onward march toward Pan-Slavic rule. The Extreme Left declare the enemy *ante portas*, triumphant through Austro-Hungarian treason or imbecility, which neglected the recent opportunity of crippling him for a time and strengthening a bastion now crumbled. The men of the United Opposition see the danger more slowly approaching, and announce their readiness to fight it, if the command is placed in their hands, more energetically and more directly than those now in power, whose only arms seem to be ambiguity and procrastination, and whose present doings betoken as little wisdom as their former masterly inactivity. The Liberals see the situation in nearly the same light, but the command is in the hands of their chiefs, whom they pity rather than condemn, attributing the neglect and blunders committed to the fatalities of a position created by internal antagonisms of race, financial exhaustion, and powerful pressure from above and without. Andrassy is better than his policy, and his successors—who is not likely to be a Hungarian—would probably be much worse than his. Andrassy must be kept at his post, and what is his own in the policy he is forced to pursue must be sustained. The Serb and Croat members of the Diet alone are not afraid of the Russians. Hungary must fall before Croatia is threatened, and Servia hopes both to profit by that fall and to escape the grasp of the conquerors.

In the Vienna Reichsrath the want of unity is still greater, and so also is the dissatisfaction with the foreign policy of the Government. The supporters of Andrassy are in a minority in the Lower House, though he is timidly sustained in the Upper; but both his opponents and supporters form numerous fractions, none of which seems to be capable of creating a definitive Cis-Leithan Cabinet, or giving weight to a definite policy. The groups of Constitutionalists, Progressists, Federalists, etc., are divided and subdivided, and agree only in a feeling of languid discontent, bred of utter powerlessness to cope with the difficulties of the situation. The fear of Russia is general, but the sacrifices required for checking her advance with the aid of foreign Powers appear out of proportion to the imminence of the danger, and the ways of doing it are widely diver-

gent. To follow the lead of the Magyars would be precipitating the crisis; a Slavic policy in opposition both to them and the Russians would deprive the Monarchy both of its main internal strength and of the advantages of a neutral attitude abroad. The Czechs of Bohemia abstain from participation in the Reichsrath, in which, if present, they would play a part similar to that of the Croats in the Hungarian Diet. Their Moravian friends now and then abstain from voting. The Polish members are divided among themselves, the bulk of them voting in favor of Andrassy from fear of a less anti-Russian successor in the Foreign Office, after hearing the eloquent denunciations of his vacillating policy by their colleague, Hausner, made in the most glowing language of Polish patriotism.

THE INFLUENCE OF RECENT INVENTIONS ON CREDULITY.

THERE is a certain reaction against the conservatism of scientific men at the present time, and the uneducated man believes that chance and genius outweigh years of the careful accumulation and sifting of facts. The practical man says that the telephone and the phonograph were not discovered by scientific men, and rapidly concludes that a blacksmith can by a lucky discovery in magnetism overturn the science of a century. This credulity is largely due to the wonderful inventions of the telephone and the phonograph. Both of these instruments, however, were developments of what was already known to science, and did not involve any new form or principle. It is, to say the least, improbable at this stage of the world's progress that an ignorant or a merely practical man should discover a new force in Nature. That dame certainly does not put a premium on ignorance. It is true that an ignorant but observing man may, with the command of a drug-store, mix together substances, and after several years discover a new glaze for pottery, a new non-conductor of electricity or heat, or a preparation of rubber. Great practical discoveries may be made in this way; but they are limited to materials, and do not extend into the domain of forces. We hear much at the present time about new magnetic motors. One inventor professes to have made a great discovery in magnetism—that of the neutral line—and builds a machine which converts magnetism into motion without the expenditure of any energy. In other words, he asserts that perpetual motion is possible. Newspapers in good standing publish editorials on this new motor, and repeat the assertion of the friends of the inventor without contradiction, that he is about to lift himself by his boot-straps. In a room where ten college graduates are present there will be at least five who are willing to listen to arguments on the possibility of perpetual motion, and it would not be difficult to convert the other five. There are many ingenious mechanics who are wasting their lives at the present moment because they have not imbibed the principles of the conservation of energy and the dissipation of energy. One might read a long lecture upon the proper study of the "New Physics" in schools, but we forbear.

It is said that a new magnetic motor is about to be given to the world by Miss Hosmer. Statements are made of the stupendous effects which this motor is to produce—that twenty horse-power is to be obtained by the use of four or five voltaic elements; which conclusively proves that all scientific men are noodles, and that the makers of the new motor are afraid to touch it off lest the new engine cannot be controlled. This reminds one of the mechanic who once repaired to a vacant lot, built a shanty, and constructed a perpetual-motion machine. After it was finished he feared that he could not control it when it was once started; he therefore spent many months in deep thought over the problem, and devised various forms of brakes, but none completely satisfied him. Finally, an impatient stockholder in the enterprise advised him to take the consequences of starting the engine, and having repaired to a safe distance awaited the result—which the world never heard of. We do not say that Miss Hosmer has not invented a magnetic motor; but we maintain that she will not get one hundred and one per cent. efficiency out of it, as many are ready to believe. And if she succeeds in getting an economical motor which will develop enough power to run a sewing-machine even, she will be more fortunate than the brightest inventive minds in America or Europe have been.

Magnetism is a mystery to the common mind, and is, indeed, to a certain extent to the man of science; but, taking for granted its presence, one has only to deal with opposing forces which are completely in the domain of mechanics. Why is it that there is no mystery in the popular mind in regard to the force of gravity? This force is more mysterious than all others, for we have never got beyond what Newton knew, and we

have far greater knowledge of magnetism and electricity than Faraday had in his time. It is because the force of gravity acts everywhere, and its results are matters of daily experience. If new discoveries are to be made in magnetism, one can safely affirm that it will not be by the employment of tenpenny nails and pocket-magnets. The most delicate and refined apparatus must be used at the present time to detect a manifestation of magnetism or electricity which has escaped the observation of a generation of skilled observers. We have heard during the past five years of several new forces. The Etheric Force of Mr. Edison was readily proved to be a manifestation of induction. The new Mechanical Effect of Light which Prof. Crookes thought he had discovered is found to be an effect of heat, and supports instead of detracting from the molecular theory of heat; and the Psychic Force is still left to the phonetic spellers of the spirit-land. It is perfectly safe to assure the inventive talent of this country that flying-machines may have a future; that human speech may be transmitted beneath the ocean or around the globe; that a steam-engine may be made of double the efficiency of the best compound engine in present use; that a member of the City Council may be able to perceive or detect the odors of his favorite city at twice the distance now possible to him. But that results which prove that the force of gravity acts in the direction contrary to its present direction; that Ohm's law is wrong; that heat can be converted into one hundred and fifty per cent. of work—or, in other words, that perpetual motion is possible—are assertions all contrary to possibilities in this world. Many lives are misspent from ignorance, and will continue to be until the New Physics are carefully taught to the multitude in secondary schools. Our leading papers announce in semi-editorial form that Mr. Gary proposes from the power obtained from permanent magnets, which he states will run a small motor without the expenditure of energy or loss of magnetism, to run a dynamo-electric machine and produce the electric light at no expense. In the best dynamo-electric machines of the present day only about one-seventh to one-sixth of efficiency is obtained, and nearly one horse-power is required to produce each electric lamp in the present system of lighting. Truly, this new motor will revolutionize the world, for here is horse-power without horses or their equivalent. The editor of a paper should evidently have a training in physics, at least so far as to disbelieve in perpetual motion and its correlatives.

An English writer in *Nature* denounces what he is pleased to term "the effervescing nature of the American press" in relation to new so-called scientific discoveries, and in due honesty and self-respect we must cry, "Peccavimus!" But the growth of the evil, side by side with marked improvement in other directions, is to be ascribed in a large degree to the effects of the "interviewing" system on the "reportorial corps." When interviewing first came into use—that is, about a dozen years ago—the public confidence in the reporter himself was nearly exhausted, and his own accounts of signs and wonders found but little market. The doctrine that what one "saw in the papers" must be untrue was beginning to take fast hold of the public mind. If this state of things had lasted a little longer, editors would almost certainly have been driven into exercising more strict supervision over the reporter, and he would have been driven into sobermindedness and veracity in order to get employment. At this juncture, however, it was discovered, almost in a night, that by going to somebody of note and having a talk with him, and reporting what he said in the form of a dialogue, as if his exact words had been taken down, the popular curiosity might be stimulated to an extraordinary degree, and the sorriest penny-a-liner that ever drew pencil could produce stuff which would form the town-talk for a week. By a judicious use of both flattery and intimidation—that is, by converting the interview into a puff or a means of ridicule and annoyance, as each case might seem to require—submission to the reporter's questioning has gradually come to be regarded as one of the unavoidable incidents of American life, like taxation or jury duty. Hardly any one has now the courage to refuse it, so that there is rarely a report of an interview which has not some foundation, or which is capable of being flatly contradicted, or of being clearly and neatly explained away. The consequence is that every interview attracts some attention and credence. Charlatans, as well as statesmen and philosophers, make it a medium for gaining access to the popular ear. Discoveries in science and new theological theories find their way to publicity through this channel, along with views of the political situation, and defenses against charges of fraud, and expositions of the feelings of women whose husbands are going to be hanged. Nearly everything, in short, except descriptions of natural scenery, which the reporter has to say to the public is sooner or later thrown into the form of conversation with somebody who is supposed to know all about it, and thus gets an

air of authenticity which newspaper statements have never had before, and which really makes it almost useless for any paper to cultivate sobriety of judgment or accuracy of statement. An editor who did so would probably find himself discredited every other day by a rival who had got the very thing he threw doubts upon from the lips of Sir William Thomson, or Professor Baird or the Amir of Afghanistan. To be sure, it might be possible to show afterwards that the reported conversation was a sorry hoax, but the public would have got its impression and would not trouble its head much about the refutation or explanation.

The popular credulity may be greatly fostered in this way, and has been greatly fostered. The interview has persuaded people there is "something" in nearly every wonderful story, and when a man once gets in the twilight of semi-belief, by bringing him plenty of strange news the amount of absurdity he may be made to swallow in the course of a year is very great. Then the scientific man proper has never stood nearly as well with plain people as the inventor, and has never been looked upon as nearly as capable a person. Of two scientific men, the one who produces something that a joint-stock company can be built upon will be more readily listened to than the mere promulgator of laws, because he has submitted himself to a test that everybody can understand. There is, too, a sort of popular presumption that a very successful man in commerce or industry could be a great scientific man if he turned his mind to it. There are multitudes among us who would not have been at all surprised if the late A. T. Stewart had discovered a law of nature which the Academy of Sciences had heard nothing of, and Miss Hosmer's success in producing salable statues is an invaluable preparation for the announcement that she has hit on perpetual motion. If Newton had gone to work and made a paying "gravity railroad," for purposes of transportation, he would stand higher with a great many as a philosopher than he does to-day.

THE EARLY MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, Dec. 11, 1878.

POLITICALLY speaking, we are in the midst of a season of recrimination. Parliament met, for a short and extraordinary session, upwards of a week ago, and both for some time before it and ever since the air has been dark with mutual inculpations. The Afghan war has begun in earnest, and has thus far been substantially successful. Whatever opposition may still await the English advance, there has been none, as yet, of a formidable character. Parliament has been called to be put *au courant*, as it were, of the affair, and for some nights past has been actively discussing it. It was only a few days before the Queen's speech that the very voluminous papers relating to the whole Afghan episode were made public; but though the Opposition has bitterly complained of this delay and of the insufficient time allowed for looking into them, I cannot perceive that they have been oppressed by these bewildering documents or have overlooked any choice morsels of evidence that might serve to feather their arrows. I cannot pretend to have even partially kept an account of the charges and counter-charges that have been extracted from this rich repository, and I must confess that the whole spectacle seems to me a not particularly edifying one. It is, perhaps, of the absolute essence of an Opposition to make an arrow, as the French say, of any wood—to invent occasions when none offer themselves, to cultivate agitation for agitation, just as people nowadays cultivate art for art. If this be the case, the Liberal party, in so far as it is represented by most of its official spokesmen, may flatter itself on conforming to its ideal. It is certainly true that there are a good many natural occasions for criticising the Government, but I suspect that, to the country at large, they are not such completely happy ones as they appear to Mr. Gladstone and his friends. Mr. Gladstone has, apparently, a very good case against the present Cabinet, in fixing upon them the responsibility of that change in the attitude of the Afghan ruler which has led to the actual complications. The Government has attempted, with a good deal of resolution and ingenuity, to rebut, or, rather, to anticipate, the charge of having put the Amir off—of having thrown him into the arms of the Russians. Just before the Afghan papers were published Lord Cranbrook, the present Secretary for India, issued a despatch, nominally addressed to Lord Lytton, but in reality addressed to the newspapers. This document contains a summary of the intercourse between the Amir and Lord Lytton's predecessor in office, and in a certain 9th paragraph—it is always spoken of now as the "famous" 9th paragraph—Lord Cranbrook attempted by insinuation to establish the fact that Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet refused in 1873 to give Shir Ali those assurances of protection against Russian aggres-

sion which were necessary for keeping on good terms with him. This intimation was promptly and indignantly refuted—first by the Duke of Argyll, who was Secretary for India during a large part of the last Liberal administration, and then by Mr. Gladstone, in the powerful (not to say the violent) and characteristic speech which he delivered to his Greenwich constituents a few days before the opening of Parliament. The late Government appears to have given Shir Ali rigidly reasonable satisfaction on the subject of his liability to Russian approaches; this comes out clearly enough in the papers submitted to Parliament. If a change took place in his feelings and conduct, it coincides with the coming into power of the present Administration and the adoption of a new and aggressive policy by Lord Lytton. Such, at least, is the contention of the present critics of the Government and the charge brought with vehement elaboration by Mr. Gladstone. According to this theory Lord Lytton, as soon as he got to India, began, in harmony with the tendencies of an "imperial" policy, to bully Shir Ali and to urge that demand to which the latter had always consistently refused to give a moment's hearing—the admission into his dominions of permanent British representatives. The Amir had made it clear that concession on this point was hopeless; is it, therefore, true that Lord Lytton's purpose was simply to pick a quarrel—to drive the Amir, by insisting on the impossible, into an offensive act which would offer a pretext for an invasion? It is not necessary to adopt this hypothesis, which has become one of the commonplaces of Liberal criticism. If Lord Lytton had been in so truculent a mood it is probable that he would have been better prepared to carry out his policy than the incident of three months ago found him.

By the terms of the Queen's speech Parliament has been called to discuss the Afghan question alone: her Majesty makes no mention of anything else, not even of the great distress prevailing throughout the country, and which in the manufacturing districts, at the beginning of a winter which threatens to be a much severer one than either of the two that have preceded it, has reached terrible proportions. This reticence has been made a reproach to the royal address, but it is highly probable that it springs from an amiable cause. The Government had a natural desire to conciliate the large body of gentlemen whom it has brought up to town at a period at which town is extremely unpleasant to the mind of the governing classes, deprived suddenly of the recreations and luxuries in which their rural retreats are so prolific. It shrank from laying before them a long list of *agenda*, and confined itself to what was necessary for the moment. Later in the winter, when Parliament reassembles, there is to be another Queen's speech, when other questions more or less embarrassing will be presented. The present lively episode will very soon come to an end: as far as the House of Lords is concerned it has already practically done so. The Lords divided last night on the vote of censure on the Government which had been moved by Lord Halifax, with the result of 65 in the Opposition against 201 with the Cabinet: thus giving the latter a majority of 136. The amendment moved in the House of Commons (that it "disapproves the conduct of her Majesty's Government which has resulted in the war with Afghanistan") is still under discussion, but it is not to be expected that it will have a very different issue. In writing six weeks ago I said that the theory that the Liberal party was "coming up" seemed, on the whole, to be premature; and it is probable that the fate of the present attempt to discredit the Cabinet will confirm this impression. This is the more remarkable because the conduct of the Government appears in several particulars distinctly discreditable. Mr. Gladstone charges them with duplicity of the deepest dye, besides the misdemeanor of having prevented the country from speaking its mind about the war. This, however, is only part of the duplicity—the charge being that Lord Beaconsfield had set his heart upon taking a slice of Afghanistan long before the last session was over, and that in spite of these criminal designs he wore an innocent face and never gave a hint of Lord Lytton's little game. If he had given such a hint and the country could have spoken earlier, would it have spoken very differently? I must incline to doubt it: I suspect that the country is most disposed just now to make the best of what it has. The Government has a word which is not perhaps of absolutely magical influence, but which is still a better name to conjure with than anything in the possession of its adversaries. The Government can always say "Russia"; the Opposition can say nothing so good as that. The Government does not tell a straight story, nor does it act, by any means, a straight part. There have been in its deportment half a dozen of those flagrant contradictions to which it is easy to call attention. Lord Beaconsfield, in his Guildhall speech, five weeks ago, announced that his purpose in proceeding against Afghanistan was to secure a "scientific frontier." The expression, like several other

of Lord Beaconsfield's expressions, has become classical, and is a very good specimen of that gift of plausible phrase-making by means of which he renders a not strikingly intellectual band of followers the brilliant service of supplying it with formulas after the fact. In other communications of the Government, however, and notably in the Queen's speech, we hear nothing whatever about a frontier, scientific or otherwise; her Majesty declaring that she has gone to war with the Amir simply because he was hostile, and because he repulsed a friendly mission. In the same way the Government affirms at one time that they have never departed from the line of the late Administration in their relations with Shir Ali; and at another time they make it a virtue that they *have* so departed, in order to keep off the Russians.

The most damaging inconsistency, however, of which the Cabinet has been guilty is the disparity between its course in holding Shir Ali to account, and its acceptance, as against Russia directly, of the Czar's mission to Cabul. Lord Salisbury applied to the Russian Government for an explanation of this step and received an almost ludicrously insufficient one. He was told that it was merely a mission of courtesy, and he made the best of this piece of irony, but at the same time the Cabinet prepared to fall upon the Amir for having received the delegation. The strong, active power enjoys impunity, and a penalty is to be extorted from the weak, passive one. This is a fact of which even a feeble opposition could easily make capital, and I am surprised that it has not actually been turned to account by the Liberal leaders. It figures effectively in Mr. Gladstone's passionate diatribes, but one is a little startled at its finding even moderate tolerance with an English public. It involves the sort of accusation of which the English spirit is, justly, least patient—the charge of choosing an adversary with an eye to his size, and striking a blow only where it is safe. But the patience I speak of here is doubtless less real than it appears; the country takes very little pleasure and finds very little glory in the idea of getting the better of poor Shir Ali. It has not the least desire to obliterate or annex him; it only believes, in a general way, that sentimental considerations should not allow him to interfere with the safety of India. The Government for the time believes, or affirms that it believes, that it is in his power so to interfere, and the country is willing to assent. The fierce discussions of the last month—the papers have been flooded with letters on the subject—must strike a good many reasonable people as to a considerable extent a mere beating of the air. Whether Mr. Gladstone's Government were a little more or a little less alive to the dangers of Russian expansion—a little more or a little less ready to listen to Shir Ali's fears on this subject; whether Lord Lytton has pressed the Amir overmuch and occasionally been too emphatic in his diction—all this seems ancient history.

Mr. Gladstone's taunts about truckling to Russia and bullying the Amir lose part of their force from his failure to convey any inspiring, or even definite, notion of what, given the circumstances, he himself would do. Would he demand satisfaction of Russia? Mr. Gladstone is far from saying so. Given the circumstances, I say; for the country perforce accepts the circumstances. The question of who produced them may have a psychological interest, but cannot be said to have any practical bearing. If one is not pledged to look at the matter through partisan spectacles one may perhaps be free to conjecture that, like many other disagreeable things, they came about very naturally. Like Topsy in the novel, they "grewed." One may safely believe that Shir Ali was never very fond of his English neighbors, and that it required no great bungling to put him out of conceit of them. It would have required great positive tact and liberality to keep him consistently well disposed, and it is certainly evident that neither under the last Administration nor the present did these virtues superabound. If Lord Lytton has been too harsh, as incontestably he has, his predecessors were curiously meagre and stingy. There is a real "imperial" policy as well as a false one, and from the point of view of the former strictly it is not consoling to see, in retrospect, Mr. Gladstone's Government bargaining and haggling over their assurances of support to the Amir—or, at least, measuring them out with such almost pedantic minuteness. That Russia even now is acutely sensible of a check at this point I very much doubt; but since the Russian question was always looming larger Shir Ali was worth spending some ingenuity upon. It would have been so much gained. Now that decidedly he is being treated in another fashion there is a natural dread of making any more mistakes. Therefore, though the treatment allotted to him is not at all popular, there is an equally natural feeling that it is most patriotic not to interfere with it; and it will be from a vague, shapeless, not especially self-complacent reason of this sort that the Government

will escape any degree of censure that it needs to take into account. It will not perhaps have been strengthened by the calling of Parliament, but it will certainly not have been weakened.

Correspondence.

MR. G. H. LEWES AND THE LEADER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it worth while to correct an error in the very justly appreciative notice of George Henry Lewes in the *Nation* of December 12?

The writer says: "In 1849 he founded the *Leader*." The *Leader* was founded by Thornton Hunt and myself; or say originated, if the shareholders who formed the company for its establishment are to be considered as founders. Those shareholders were the Rev. Edmund Larken, M. Morgan, W. E. Forster, Hunt, Lewes, Thomas Ballantyne, W. J. Linton, and our paper-maker and printer. Thornton Hunt was general manager; Ballantyne and myself were joint editors, the foreign department being exclusively mine; Lewes was literary editor only.

W. J. LINTON.

'JOHN-A-DREAMS.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit us to set you right in one small matter. In your notice of the novel 'John-a-Dreams,' in your number of this date, you say:

"We wonder who is responsible for the alteration of the motto on the title-page. The English copies have a line or two from 'Hamlet' which indicate the origin of the title, whereas the present title would suit any other book as well."

The motto on the title-page of our edition is the same as that on the English copy from which it was printed. We appended to our *advertisements* the line from "Hamlet" to which you refer—"Like John-a-Dreams, unpregnant of my cause"—as indicating the source of the title, but did not venture to tamper with the title-page. If this line appears in English copies, it must be in later editions.

We beg leave to take this occasion to say that the author of this novel is Mr. Julian Sturgis, an American.—Respectfully yours,

D. APPLETON & Co.

549 AND 551 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, DEC. 19, 1870.

MISS POLLY BAKER'S SPEECH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By mischance, the *Nation* of Nov. 7 failed to reach me, and I did not until this evening see your note (page 285) on Mr. John Morley's charge against Franklin and Silas Deane of "untruthfulness concerning the speech of Miss Polly Baker." Mr. Morley, it appears, relied on a statement in *Hall's Law Journal* (Philadelphia, 1813) that the speech was "delivered before a court of judicature in Connecticut." You have pointed out the fact that the speech in the *Law Journal* is an exact copy from one printed in the first volume of the *American Museum* in 1787. It appeared *forty years earlier* in the (London) *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1747 (vol. xvii., p. 175), where it was introduced as "The Speech of Miss Polly Baker, before a Court of Judicature at (sic) Connecticut, near Boston, in New-England, when she was prosecuted the fifth Time for having a bastard child: Which influenced the Court to dispense with her Punishment, and induced one of her Judges to marry her the next Day."

In the next (May) number of the same magazine (p. 211), "Mr. Urban" was gravely informed by a writer who signed the name of "William Smith," that when he was in New England, in the year 1745, he "had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated *Polly Baker*, who was then, though near sixty years of age, a comely woman, and the wife of *Paul Dudley*, Esq., of *Roxbury*, about two miles from *Boston*, who marry'd her, as is mentioned in the papers, and had 15 children by her." Mr. "Smith" was moved to "send this information, because it has been insinuated that the speech publish'd in her name was entirely fictitious; that it could not be the speech of any woman (in which many females, for different reasons, concur), but was entirely the invention of some Templer or Garretteer."

Good Sylvanus Urban seems to have had as little doubt of the genuineness of the speech (and of the fifteen post-nuptial children) as had, afterwards, the Abbé Raynal and the Encyclopædists, or as Mr. Morley has of the authority of the *American Law Journal*. But in the June

number of the magazine (p. 295) another correspondent, "L. Americanus," writes that Mr. William Smith had been "egregiously imposed upon; for 'tis well known that Paul Dudley, Esq., never acted in any judicial capacity in Connecticut, but is Chief-Justice of the province where he has always resided, and has long been married to a daughter of the late Gov. Winthrop [a mistake; he married Lucy Wainwright], by whom he never had any children. As they are of very good families, and he one of the first rank in the country, 'tis pity their names should be ignorantly or wantonly used for support of a *fictitious speech*."

Thirty-four years afterwards, in the same magazine, August, 1781 (p. 367), a writer recalled to notice "the speech said to have been spoken by Mrs. P. Baker at Connecticut," and enquired "who was the real author of this ingenious composition, which has been so highly honored as to have been translated into French and incorporated in their great work, *L'Encyclopédie*?" The question elicited no response.

The Abbé Raynal's translation was made, probably, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* direct, from which also Mathew Carey seems to have taken, at first or second hand, his copy for the *American Museum*; but he added, in a note, that "another account says [the woman's] name was Sarah Oliter." Before 1800 the speech was several times reprinted in newspapers and almanacs, but I cannot just now give the dates or places of publication.

If Mr. Jefferson's recollection of the conversation with Franklin was accurate, and the latter really claimed the authorship of the speech, and said that he wrote it for a newspaper, a search of a file of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* between 1733 and 1747 may result in fixing the date of its original publication.

J. H. T.

HARTFORD, CONN., December 21, 1878.

Notes.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO. have in press 'Personal Memories, Social, Political, and Literary,' by E. D. Mansfield, the well-known Ohio "Veteran Observer" of the *New York Times*. The volume will contain numerous sketches of noted personages.—D. Appleton & Co. are preparing a sumptuous limited and "privately-printed" edition of the 'Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck,' edited by the late E. A. Duyekineck, and adorned with new portraits of the editor, the late Messrs. Bryant and Taylor, Holmes, Whittier, and others, besides nine effigies of Halleck himself.—G. W. Sheldon's 'American Painters,' just issued by Appleton, is our authority for stating that William H. Beard, the artist, is preparing a volume of drawings designed to suit the peculiar vein of each celebrated American poet, to be accompanied by original poems written expressly by the several authors represented.—The remarkable collection of works relating to chess belonging to the late Prof. George Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, has been catalogued for sale with great care and elegance by his executors, Francis A. Jackson, of the University, and Gregory B. Keen, of 3227 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. These gentlemen offer the collection *en bloc* for a price that does not seem too high for some of our public libraries, or for their public-spirited benefactors. The printed volumes number some 3,000.—The *Atlantic's* portrait for 1879 is of the poet Lowell, and possesses the same degree of merit as its predecessors—not the highest, certainly, but it is externally faithful.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of the American Water-Color Society will be opened at the National Academy of Design on February 3, 1879, and close on March 1. The usual conditions for exhibitors will be enforced. The Secretary's address is J. C. Nicoll, 51 West Tenth Street, New York City.—Salem, Mass., the cradle of the lecture system in this country, takes up the task anew in a series of Free Scientific Lectures to be delivered in Plummer Hall, during January and February. Plant Life, the Simplest Animals, the Human Body, and Heat are the chosen topics.—The current number of the *Army and Navy Journal* contains the entire text of the new bill to reorganize the army just reported to Congress by a Joint Committee.—The Bola, Mulan, and other Afghan passes are mapped in the *Geographical Magazine* for December. With this number the magazine terminates its useful career, giving way to a virtual successor in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society and Monthly Geographical Record*, to appear immediately on the first of every month. The editor, Mr. Clements R. Markham, in his valedictory, does not overrate the services to science rendered by his own labors and those of his zealous associates.—Baker Pasha, says *Vanity Fair*, has written a narrative of his personal experiences in the Turkish war, which will be shortly published.—Le Monnier's Successors, Florence, have undertaken

to publish for Prof. A. de Gubernatis a 'Dizionario biografico della Letteratura Contemporanea' now in course of preparation.

—We have received 'Marlowe's Tragical History of Doctor Faustus and Greene's Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' edited by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. (Macmillan). It contains a copious and excellent introduction of over one hundred pages, and the plays are annotated to excess. No two plays could have been chosen better fitted for an introductory study of the conditions of the drama amid which Shakspeare learned to write, and if the book should direct the attention of readers in this country to the lesser-known dramatists of that time, it will do great service in bringing about that competent knowledge of English literature which is widely lacking in our high-schools and colleges, as well as in affording instruction in the language of the Elizabethan period.—From Houghton, Osgood & Co. we have the two volumes upon New England in Mr. Longfellow's 'Poems of Places.' They are more interesting than previous volumes, both from the subject-matter and from the fact that many well-known American poems, which have no internal evidence to show the locality to which they refer, are assigned to the various cities and towns to which they belong (for example, "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," etc.), and this gives the volume a peculiar and original value.—James Miller sends us 'Evenings with the Poets, a Collection of Favorite Poems by Famous Authors.' The volume is in holiday binding, heavy paper, red line, etc., but the poems are not by famous authors, as a rule, nor are they favorites with any class of readers known to us. Often they are uncredited, when not anonymous, and there is no index of authors. The illustrations add but little to what value the book possesses in literature.—The one hundredth volume of the Leisure Hour Series, 'A Century of American Literature,' edited by Henry A. Beers (Henry Holt & Co.), is fatally defective in plan. It was not possible in a space of less than ten small pages, on the average, to each author to illustrate to any purpose the literary work in prose and verse of the last century, even where selections were made only from authors no longer living; and what adequate notion of the work of the last hundred years can be given when Lowell, Emerson, and Longfellow, to mention no more, are not spoken of? The main value of the collection is in its containing some few clever things from writers who are becoming obscure, and we are glad to have them brought to the notice of the public.—We have received a reprint from the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society of a translation of some 'Letters of Christopher Columbus and Americus Vesputius, with an Introduction,' by George Dexter, A.M. (Boston). They are from a volume of *Cartas de Indias*, previously inedited, which was issued by authority of the Spanish Government and "contains a large number of hitherto unpublished letters and reports, relating to the discovery and early history of America," drawn from the National Historical Archives of Spain. The first letter of Columbus exhibits a scheme of regulations for the colonization and commerce of the islands in America. This letter is assigned in the volume to the year 1496 or 1497; but Mr. Dexter, with a plausible account of his reasons, assigns it to 1493. The second letter consists of certain observations on the art of navigation. The third letter is by Americus Vesputius, who gives his opinion about the regulation of the trade to the Antilles. They will be of much interest to special students of the time to which they refer.—Dr. Theodore Jasper's 'Birds of North America' is at length completed by the issue of the fortieth part, with titles, etc., of the two volumes in which the whole is designed to be bound. The illustrations maintain the character which was none too favorably commented upon by the *Nation* on the appearance of early parts, but the text of the North American portion of the treatise, at least, has been improved by greater reliance upon standard modern sources of information. The technical portion is much less satisfactory. As a whole, the work is really a notable contribution to the popular literature of the subject, and one which seems judiciously adapted to the general public's capacity for deriving entertainment from ornithology.—The Misses G. E. Jones & E. J. Shulze, of Circleville, Ohio, have issued, as a specimen or trial number, Part I. of a beautifully-illustrated work, entitled: 'Nests and Eggs of the Birds of Ohio.' It is announced to be completed in about thirty parts, of three plates each, with a sheet of letter-press to each plate. The work is in large folio, the objects being represented of natural size, with their usual surroundings; the plates are printed on Whatman's antiquarian drawing-paper, and colored by hand. The three plates we have seen are no less true to nature than tasteful in design and artistic in execution; should the work be completed with the same high standard of excellence, it will make a series of exquisite illustrations. The enterprise commends itself to the recognition and support of all

lovers of birds who may wish to see their favorite objects represented with technical accuracy in a very superior manner. The letter-press is quite worthy to accompany these attractive illustrations.

—Dr. John S. Billings, U.S.A., and his assistant, Dr. Robert Fletcher, propose to continue the former's unpublished 'National Catalogue of American Literature' (which awaits the certain *imprimatur* of Congress) with a monthly classified record of the current medical literature of the world. The first number of the *Index Medicus* will appear next month, with Mr. F. Leypoldt, 37 Park Row, for its publisher. Under these auspices the high character of the periodical is assured. Dr. Billings's share in the work is perfectly disinterested, and the books sent him for record will go to complete the magnificent library of the Surgeon-General's Office at Washington. Dr. Billings, by the way, has recently sent an official communication to the Surgeon-General, urging that morbidity statistics be procured in connection with the next national census. The queries suggested are (1) as to the number of days lost by illness or injury during the year; (2) the number of persons ill on the 30th day of June, with a specification of the disability; (3) the method of treatment, if any, by charity or otherwise; (4) whether each individual has had during the year any one of a dozen specified acute diseases; (5) the estimated cost of the sickness in loss of wages, payment of physicians, etc. The medical profession and scientific societies have united in cordially recommending these suggestions, and Surgeon-General Barnes has sent them to the chairman of the Committee on the Census, with the very strongest endorsement. It is needless to say that such information would be of incalculable value to the physician, sanitarian, statistician, social economist, and, indeed, to every one interested in promoting health and preventing disease.

—The January *Atlantic* contains a number of short stories which, together with the continuation of "The Lady of the Aroostook," give it a prevailing tone of pleasant entertainment; besides these, Mr. Warner writes of some "Aspects of American Life," in which he rehearses our extravagance, indebtedness, and other plain characteristics, but with too broad and often exaggerated statement. The anonymous contributor whose recent articles have attracted so wide notice supplements his last month's "Typical Workingmen" by a description of what he has observed in the character and habits of "Workingmen's Wives," which is interesting and instructive. Prof. Goldwin Smith prints his recent lecture at Cornell, "Is Universal Suffrage a Failure?" and Miss H. W. Preston sketches very briefly a part of the work of the English poets in illustration of the last period of the romantic lyric schools, under the title of "The Latest Songs of Chivalry." Mr. Whittier's poem, "The Dead Feast of the Kol-Folk," also deserves to be mentioned, and the account of "Recent Literature" is unusually full and interesting.

—There is not much in the January *Lippincott's* that calls for comment. A writer who was a girl of thirteen at the time of the siege of Paris by the Germans describes, in a manner which quite revives the terrible reality of those days, the poverty and distress of her own family, and the bloody scenes she witnessed in the final combat at the barricades between the Commune and the *Versaillais*. She testifies in general, and in one shocking instance, to the superior fury and cruelty of her own sex among the former. Our recent feeling towards the Newfoundland fishermen for their summary executions of local law on our fishers should be somewhat mollified by a Canadian's "Notes of a Trip" to that picturesque island, where life has to be taken very seriously. This is a well-written account of fishing habits and character, of interior coast scenery, of sport by land and sea, including the capture of a school of bottle-nosed whales caught napping in the waters of a bay. Mr. Bruce's "A Western Town" is agreeable reading, but does not wholly meet the expectations excited by the elaborate introduction. Still, his readers will probably gain from it some knowledge of Southern Illinois; and his remarks on the Western passion for experiment and innovation, as leading on one side to the equal recognition of all schools of medicine (or at least to the putting of the orthodox on the defensive), and on the other to frequent divorces, for which a free-and-easy legislation has paved the way, are suggestive if not particularly new.

—The death of Mr. Bayard Taylor, United States Minister to Germany, occurred in Berlin on the afternoon of Thursday, December 19. The immediate cause of it was dropsy; the ultimate, that physical overtasking which so often hurries men of letters to the grave. Mr. Taylor had nearly completed his fifty-fourth year, having been born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825. He was the son of a farmer of that region, and was not only of Quaker but of South German descent.

His education and training were little superior to those of most country boys, but embraced a smattering of French, Latin, and Spanish. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a printer in West Chester, and began his career with the writing of verses for the magazines. In 1844, assisted by the editors of two Philadelphia newspapers, he undertook a pedestrian tour in Europe, maintaining himself by sending back letters for publication, and on his return combining them in a book called 'Views Afoot.' In 1847 he failed in the attempt to establish a weekly newspaper in Phoenixville, Penn., and the next year obtained a position on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, where his work was of the most multifarious description. In 1849 he was sent out as a special correspondent to the new Eldorado on the Pacific Coast, and on his way back added Mexico to the foreign lands he had visited. In 1851 he made the grand tour of Egypt and the East, revisiting Europe also, and in China joining Perry's expedition to Japan. In 1874 his journeyings included Egypt and Iceland (on the occasion of the latter's millennium), and as usual, but for the last time, they ended in a book. In 1862 Mr. Taylor was, by appointment of President Lincoln, made Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, but he did not long retain the position. He had resumed his editorial relations with the *Tribune* when, last spring, as is well remembered, he received the flattering mission to the court which, above all others, had attractions for him, as enabling him to execute a work for which he had been many years collecting materials, a new Life of Goethe.

—Mr. Taylor was a man of versatile intellect and a ready pen, and has left behind him, signed and unsigned, a prodigious amount of printed matter in prose and verse. As a journalist, except as a travelling correspondent, his identity is lost in the *Tribune*. In fiction he made four ventures, of which none proved to be the "great American novel," and none is probably read to day, though the latest, 'Joseph and His Friends,' appeared in 1870. His poetical works fill a number of volumes; and doubtless to be remembered first and above all as a poet was the desire of his heart. Time will hardly enhance his reputation on this side, since it cannot impart to his verse either brilliancy or profundity of thought; but he has acquired a sure if not a solid title to remembrance by his translation of 'Faust,' which is a metrical *tour de force* of undoubted merit and as yet unsurpassed excellence. Poems like the 'Prophet' (1874) and 'Lars' (1873) are, among his longer efforts, the best samples of his poetical gift. One of his fellow *littérateurs* and intimate friends says, in his reminiscences, that Mr. Taylor fancied "there was something in his genius which was allied to that of Shelley," so that we were not so wide of the mark the other day when we recommended the readers of his 'Prince Deukalion' to turn back to 'Prometheus Unbound.' We were not, however, thinking of Mr. Taylor as an imitator; and it is to be said for him that, capable and fond as he was of taking off the mannerisms of older and better poets, like Browning for example, his own verse wears his personal stamp. Surveying the whole round of his intellectual activity, we incline to think that the quality of it is suggested in the encomium of his brother editor, Mr. Congdon, when he says of Mr. Taylor: "He had the faculty which every newspaper writer should possess, of writing fairly well upon any topic confided to him." In his private relations Mr. Taylor won the highest esteem of those who knew him intimately for his unflinching amiability and goodness of heart. He leaves a wife and daughter to mourn his removal in the fulness of his hopes and plans, and before he had repaired the estate which his earlier years of unflagging industry had acquired.

—"Epping Forest, and how best to deal with it," is an article by Mr. Wallace in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, also separately issued, which should not be passed over as a matter of local concern. All Mr. Wallace's writings, even the most casual, will be found to touch and to illustrate some interesting question. A recent act of Parliament having decreed that one of the ancient woodland wastes, Epping Forest, which lies upon the very borders of London, shall be preserved for ever as "an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the public," the question what to do with it becomes a very practical one. It is not enough to say rejoicingly: "Here at length every one will have a right to roam unmolested, and to enjoy the beauties which nature so lavishly spreads around when left to her own wild luxuriance. Here we shall possess, close to our capital, one real forest, whose wildness and sylvan character is to be studiously maintained, and which will possess an ever-increasing interest as a sample of those broad tracts of woodland which once covered so much of our country, and which play so conspicuous a part in our early history and national folk-lore." Unfortunately much of it has been spoiled, in all senses of the word. But Englishmen know

how to plant, and the native trees which once covered the domain, with the undergrowth which of old accompanied them, could be made to flourish again. Probably the ancient forest could be essentially reproduced in all its former vigor, and former monotony. Mr. Wallace has something better than this in his mind, and his inspiration is caught from Professor Asa Gray's Harvard lecture on "Forest Geography and Archaeology," which was published last summer in the *American Journal of Science*, the ideas of which he adopts, happily summarizes, and applies to the case in hand. In reforesting the open waste portions of Epping, he proposes to establish several distinct portions or broad tracts, each composed solely of trees and shrubs belonging to some one of the great forest regions of the temperate zone. A climate of which it has, we believe truly, been said that it can grow treble the number of species of trees which the Atlantic United States can, and in which so many trees have been individually tested, offers favorable auspices for an undertaking of this kind upon a scale that may give a good idea of the features—not of this or that tree or shrub—but of a forest of the Alleghanies, of the Sierra Nevada, of British Columbia, and of Japan. Even the southern temperate zone may contribute from New Zealand its Kauri pines and beeches, under which Macaulay's overworked New-Zealander may encamp on returning from his excursion to view the ruins of London bridge by moonlight.

—When Mr. Wallace declares that "there is really no difficulty in producing in England an almost exact copy of a North American forest, with all its variety of foliage, with its succession of ornamental flowers, and with its glorious autumnal tints," we must agree that the experiment as a whole is hopeful, and much of it is already a success in piecemeal plantation. But we are not sure about autumnal tints under London skies, considering how much these differ between one season and another in New England. And, though every tree will grow in England, being put to no severe stress either in winter or summer, yet not every tree nurtured under our climate—so fierce in both seasons—will blossom in England, as witness our handsomest leguminous tree, *Cladrastis*, or Yellow-wood. But a climate which will fairly nourish on one soil the forests of the Atlantic and the Pacific forest, those of Japan and Manchuria, of Siberia, Himalaya, and the Caucasus, along with that to the manner born, deserves to possess them all. We, alas! can seldom grow on one side of our continent the trees and shrubs of the other. Moreover, there is very little forest east of the Rocky Mountains which an act of Congress could preserve; and, over that little, Congress and the Secretary of the Interior have lately been at loggerheads. Yet in California we have forests, still public domain, which are the veritable wonders of the world, which for the most part are doomed to irremediable destruction, but of which specimens ought to be preserved now when they may, now when it will cost nothing, and injuriously affect no man's interest. For the Redwood it is almost too late; yet a square mile, or half that area, of redwood forest might still be reserved in Mendocino or Humboldt County. And from all accounts a square mile or two of true Big-tree forest, on or south of King's River, could well be set apart as a perpetual memorial. The Mariposa Grove is indeed such a reservation. But this is only a grove of a limited number of trees, many of them sadly injured by fires. Farther south this great tree is said to be the main constituent of extensive forests. A mile or two of Big-tree forest should be set apart before this district is invaded.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

THE natural charm by which Shelley fascinated his familiar friends lives after him, and has gathered about him for his defence a group of men whose affection for him seems no whit lessened because they never knew him face to face. The one common characteristic prominent in all who have written of him with sympathy, however meagre or valuable their individual contributions of praise, criticism or information, is this sentiment of direct, intimate, intense personal loyalty which he has inspired in them to a degree rare, if not unparalleled, in literary annals. Under the impulse of this strong love, which an unenlightened world calls the Shelley madness, they have championed his cause, until his fame, overshadowed in his own generation by the vigorous worldliness of Byron, and slightly esteemed by nearly all of his craft, has now grown great and fair, so that of his two most powerful works one is acknowledged the highest sustained lyric flight in English song and the other is widely believed to be the most perfect English drama since Shakspeare. With the enthusiasts, however, who have aided in bringing

about this result, admiration for Shelley's work is a secondary thing; its virtue is blended with and transfused into the nature of Shelley himself, who is the centre of their worship. To reveal the fineness and lustre of his character, his essential worth throughout that romantic and darkened career of thirty years, is their chief pleasure, and in this too they have now won some success, and have partially reversed the popular estimate of the poet as merely an immoral atheist; yet, although Robertson has made some amends for the harsh contemporary criticism of Milman, Shelley's name is still for orthodoxy a shibboleth of pious terror and of insult to God, and not long ago there was found an American, himself a man of letters and one of the poetic craft, who, in what he called an "Anecdote Biography," sneered at "the morals of the divine poet and his divine mistress," and gave us as the *vera effigies* of Shelley a crazy youth and a false husband. It seems strange that room was left for such a piece of sensationalism as that biography; but, in spite of many narratives of his life, it is agreed that no adequate biography has yet been written, and meanwhile every one may try his hand. Yet we are very fortunate in the abundance of information we possess in regard to Shelley. His story, as it was read in his outward acts, has been told by many of his intimate acquaintances, who have given us a series of very diverse portraits of him from early boyhood to his last days; on the other hand he has himself written the history of his secret spiritual growth in that ideal, for ever refining and etherealizing itself, of which the poet in "Alaster" is the first fragmentary suggestion and "Prometheus" the most heroic incarnation. By diligent study of these sources a patient and charitable reader may make for himself a provisional biography, may have a vivid sense of Shelley's boyhood and manhood, his temperament, manners, and daily life, and, if he be touched at all by that contagious enthusiasm of which we began by speaking, he may learn the secret of that moulted eagle's feather which Browning put within his breast. Such a course will be much better than reading Mr. Symonds's book alone, which has attracted our attention, although it is an excellent, brief compendium of facts, and is pervaded by sympathetic and rational criticism. There are in it a very few minor misstatements, due probably to haste in composition, and it errs in giving too great credit to Hogg's veracity, and thus bringing into too bold relief the grotesque element undeniably present in much of the poet's early life. It states with admirable clearness and fairness the main lines of attack and defence on the part of the poet's enemies and apologists. Here we are not concerned with the issue of that conflict; it is still too early to decide whether the modification of the harsh criticism once almost universally bestowed upon Shelley will go on permanently or whether it is not in some measure due to peculiar results of culture in our own time. Without attempting to prejudge this question, especially in regard to poetic fame, there seems to be, as the cause passes out of the hands of those who knew Shelley personally into the guardianship of the new generation, a tendency toward greater unity of judgment in regard to the larger phases of his character and conduct.

Shelley, as Mr. Swinburne said of William Blake, was born into the church of rebels; he was born, also, gentle, loving, and fearless. The dangers to which such a natural endowment would inevitably expose him were aggravated by a misguided and ignorant education, and by the temper of that feverish and ill-regulated age in which modern reform began. He was in early years first of all a revolter; he would do only what seemed to him best, and in the way which seemed to him best; he took nothing upon authority, he acknowledged no validity in the customs and beliefs which past experience had bequeathed to men; he must examine every conclusion anew and accept or reject it by the light of his own limited thought and observation; he carried the Protestant spirit to its ultimate extreme—all legal and intellectual results embodied in institutions or in accepted beliefs must show cause to him why they should exist. He was, moreover, in haste; he could not rest in a doubt, he could not suspend his judgment, he could not wait for fuller knowledge. Finding only incomplete or incompetent answers to his questioning, he leaped to the conclusion that there was no answer. Had he been contented with allowing this spirit to influence only his own private creed and conduct, mischief enough was sure to be wrought for him, error and suffering were in store for him in no common degree. But he was not merely building an ideal of life and formulating a rule of living for himself; he had, as he afterward confessed, a passion for reforming the world. He was early in print, and aspired to teach the world before he was well out of his teens—took in his hands, indeed, the regeneration of Ireland through pamphlets and public eloquence and personal agitation and supervision. It is easy to dismiss this as the foolish conceit of a boy of talent much given to

* "Percy Bysshe Shelley. By J. A. Symonds" (English Men of Letters.) New York: Harper & Bros. 1878.

dreaming; yet it must be remembered, in estimating his practical sagacity, that the measures of reform he proposed were afterwards carried in the precise way he had suggested. It is easy, too, to dismiss his exile from his home and his expulsion from Oxford as childish obstinacy, disobedience, ingratitude, and presumption; but if there was anything of these faults in him there was also much more made evident in these first trials of his character: there was the capacity for sacrifice, the resolution to be faithful to the truth as he saw it, although at the cost of wealth, academic education, social position, and love even. The beginning of manhood found him in the full sway of immature conviction, and already suffering the penalty. It is not necessary to follow out in detail the development of a life so entered upon. It led him to attack Christianity and to disregard the laws of marriage, and this is the sum and substance of his offence. Yet no sign, perhaps, is so indicative of the increased liberality of the prevalent religion in our time as the attempt which has been made to show that Shelley was essentially Christian, an attempt so common and vigorous that Mr. Trelawney, in his republication of his most instructive and graphic account of Shelley's last days, has felt called upon to protest against it. In this spirit Mr. Symonds writes from one extreme: "It is certain that as Christianity passes beyond its mediæval phase and casts aside the husk of outworn dogmas, it will more and more approximate to Shelley's exposition. Here, and here only, is a vital faith adapted to the conditions of modern thought, indestructible because essential, and fitted to unite instead of separating minds of divers quality"; and Mr. F. W. Robertson, from the other extreme, writes: "I cannot help feeling that there was a spirit in poor Shelley's mind which might have assimilated with the spirit of his Redeemer—nay, which I will dare to say was kindred with that spirit, if only his Redeemer had been differently imaged to him. . . . I will not say that a man who by his opposition to God means opposition to a demon to whom the name of God in his mind is appended, is an enemy of God: . . . change the name and I will bid that character defiance with you!" A candid examination must show, however, that Mr. Trelawney is right; there is no doubt that Shelley rejected altogether what is properly known as Christianity, in youth violently and with hatred, while in later years he came to care less about it. At the same time it is to be remembered that all he had seen of Christianity was its debased forms whose prominent characteristic is defect in charity and love, which Shelley believed to be the central virtues. Probably he never dissociated the Christian God from the Jewish Jehovah, and his feeling towards him is well illustrated in the terrible indictment he makes against him in reference to Milton's delineation of Satan as one (we quote from memory) "who, in the cold security of undoubted triumph, inflicts upon his fallen enemy the most horrible punishment, not from any mistaken hope of thereby reforming him, but with the avowed purpose of exasperating him to deserve new torments." It is, therefore, impossible to deny Shelley's atheism; the most that can be contended for is that in all that constitutes a religious mind, in natural piety, in purity of life and motive, in conscientious and unselfish action, Shelley was exceptionally conspicuous.

It is here that the second charge against Shelley has its place. How, it is indignantly asked, was he unselfish, loving, and conscientious, when he left his youthful wife to circumstances which resulted in her suicide, and transferred his devotion to another? The extent and blameworthiness of the moral defect in Shelley's action at that time it is unjust to attempt to determine now, because judgment should be suspended until the promised publication of the Shelley family papers relating to his separation, which Mr. Garnett has so definitely said will clear Shelley of all censure. Meanwhile nothing more can be done than to point out with Mr. Symonds the fact that Shelley acted in obedience to his convictions of social duty; that the first marriage was the result of knight-errantry rather than affection, and had long been destitute of any pleasure; that Shelley did not desert his wife in such a way as to make her suicide chargeable to him, but that it appears to have been the result of another attachment which she had formed, and which had brought disappointment to her. These considerations do not, it is true, relieve him of condemnation or remove the seeming great defect in his moral perception of the responsibility which rested upon him in consequence of a thoughtless and foolish marriage. Yet it is not doubtful that in his life he atoned for his error, if suffering is atonement; for that time a shadow fell upon him which never was removed. We know, too, how intense was his grief at the removal of his children from his care by order of Lord Eldon, in consequence of what the Lord Chancellor considered his immoral conduct and atheistic opinions. It is hard to find heart for reproach when one, whose whole gospel was love, is so cruelly entangled in

the unforeseen consequences of his acts that he seems to have wrought the work of hatred; and the patient and charitable reader of his story will not find it hard to wait, without condemning the poet, until the long-delayed and much-needed defence of him shall be given to the world.

What, then, under this presentation of the case, remains to be said for that ideal character which those who love Shelley believe to have been his possession? That, beginning life with a theory which left every desire and impulse free course, which imposed no restrictions except those of his own honor and self-respect, which acknowledged no command not proceeding from his own reason, he yet served the truth he saw with entire loyalty and sincerity of heart; that, making many errors throughout a darkened life, he did not strive by lightness of heart or logical sophistication to avoid their penalties of misery and remorse, but kept them in memory and bore his burden of sorrow courageously; that by intense thought and bitterest experience he came at last to find the laws of life and to obey them; to find how impossible it is for the individual to solve the problems put before him, so that he himself grew content to leave many of these in doubt; to find how ignorant it was in him to make his own experience the measure of the conditions of general human life, and attempt to reform the world's motives and standards by reference to that experience alone; to find how little the individual counts for in life, so that the youth who with fervid hope took up the regeneration of a whole nation in confidence came to doubt whether it was worth while for him to write at all, and rated himself far less than his friend Byron—came at last, too, to recognize the laws of art and obey them, so that all his work seemed to him mere studies, trial flights of genius, without worth except as modes of self-training. These characteristics are the evidence of his strength, sincerity, and rightness of purpose; and through these he worked out an ideal of life and rule of living which differ so much from those of his early days that they are the most powerful in influence and most exalted in virtue which have yet been offered to men who, like himself, found the old familiar standards rationally inadequate and morally weak. These are the essential elements in Shelley's career, and to them his personal qualities and his daily life give form and color. This, too, is the work of a man framed for self-destruction, against whom circumstances did their worst throughout. The marvel is not that his life was so broken in private happiness and his public work so unequal in the worth of its results, but, taking all into account, that he saved so much of his life and work through his perception of the valuable objects of living and his clinging to them. He had worked out unaided the fulfilment of the prayer which closes the early 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty':

"The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of Nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself and love all humankind."

This, too, was the result of the imperfect years of preparation. He had given him only the traditional thirty years which belong to every genius for trial and training before the finished work can be required. He had just recognized the conditions to which he must conform, and was only ready to begin when he died. His ceaseless and intense intellectual toil, his varied scholarship, his acute critical power, his practical sense, had rectified his sight, and the dreamer was becoming more and more the seer. So at least it seems to the students of Shelley, and while they are grateful for the excellent work which, notwithstanding his unfavorable conditions, he was able to do, and while they are grateful, too, for the example of his life, which they believe was one act of love without any essential flaw of selfishness, the overpowering impression left upon the mind is that which Mr. Symonds repeatedly expresses, a sense of the inexplicable, vast, and prodigal wastefulness of nature.

HAYWARD'S ESSAYS.*

THE five volumes into which Mr. Hayward, at three different times, has gathered his contributions to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, are less known to the reading world than their great merits would have indicated. They had, we believe, but a narrow circulation, and they have ceased for some time to belong to things actual. The author was well advised, however, in undertaking a partial reissue of these unjustly

* "Selected Essays. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C." In two volumes. London: Longmans; New York: Scribner & Welford. 1878.

neglected essays; and we are greatly mistaken if, at present, he does not find the public more alive to their very entertaining qualities. Mr. Hayward enjoys, it may not be impertinent to observe, a high degree of celebrity in the London world as a talker and a *raconteur*, and his essays bear the stamp of a man who, during half a century, has been familiar with the most noteworthy people and most interesting English society, and whose memory is an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and illustration. He has picked out here more than a dozen of the articles contained in his earlier volumes, and the readers of these will confess to a lively desire to make acquaintance with those he has omitted. Mr. Hayward's criticism is of the old-fashioned English sort—not especially æsthetic or psychological; not going into fine shades or the more recently-invented grounds of appreciation; but very wholesome, lively, vigorous, and well-informed, and very rich in interesting allusion. The author's allusions are indeed the chief part of his work; for the most part he regards a book or a writer simply as a pretext for a succession of amusing stories. His volumes fairly bristle with what are called "good things," and the reader will not be likely to complain of unfamiliar anecdotes suggested by such names as Sidney Smith, Samuel Rogers, Friedrich von Gentz, Maria Edgeworth, Stendhal, Lady Palmerston, and Sir Henry Bulwer; or by such topics as the history of English parliamentary eloquence, the vicissitudes of great British families, and the differences and contrasts in English and French manners and morals.

The article on Sidney Smith is very appreciative and discriminating, and full of reminiscences (many of them personal) of his witticisms and conversational oddities. In the days of his poverty he used to go to evening parties in an omnibus. "On hearing," says Mr. Hayward, "of the offence taken by his more fastidious friend, Jeffrey, at the appearance of a straw (emblematic of the more humble vehicle) on the carpet at Lady Morgan's, he exclaimed, 'A straw, a solitary straw! Why, I have been at literary parties where the floor looked like a stubble-field!'" Sidney Smith's jocose impulses sometimes found expression otherwise than in words—as when, at his little place in Devonshire, expecting some visitors from London and wishing to impress them with the luxuriance of his vegetation, he caused a number of oranges to be tied to the shrubs in the garden. Mr. Hayward's article on Rogers is a singularly complete and perfect portrait of that famous *dilettante*—one of those sketches which leave nothing to be added and are felt to be the last word. It is a remarkable picture of a man who had spent his life in cultivating the qualities that make one fastidious, and yet had not outworn his power of enjoyment. The author quotes from Byron a noteworthy allusion to Rogers's temperament: "This very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh! the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life." Mr. Hayward cites also a happily-expressed passage from a letter addressed to himself by the late Mrs. Norton: "I believe no man was ever so much attended to and thought of who had so slender a fortune and such calm abilities. His God was Harmony, and over his life Harmony presided, sitting on a lukewarm cloud. He was *not* the poet, sage, and philosopher people expected to find he was, but a man in whom the tastes (rare fact) preponderated over the passions, who defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make outlay for the gratification of their passions." It was, perhaps, his love of "harmony" that accounts for his low opinion and scanty enjoyment of Shakspeare, as it certainly may account for the glassy polish of his own homogeneous verse. Rogers was the most luxurious of classicists, if he may not be ranked as one of the most brilliant of classicists.

Quite the best of all Mr. Hayward's essays seems to us to be the long account of Maria Edgeworth, based upon the Memoirs of the lady's life, which, ten years since, were put into exclusively private circulation. This very entertaining biography, containing a great many of Miss Edgeworth's letters, which are capital reading, was made up by the last of her numerous stepmothers, and it is greatly to be regretted that family scruples should have hitherto withheld it from the general public. We strongly hope that these will presently give way, and we console ourselves meanwhile with Mr. Hayward's brilliant sketch. It contains a great deal of information about that singular character Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who was so often his daughter's inspirer and coadjutor, and who, in himself, was such a curious mixture of emotion and dry practicality. Perhaps, indeed, we assume unduly that his four marriages were the result of urgent sentiment; promptly as they followed each other, they were also very deliberate and circumspect unions, based upon a thoroughly reasoned scheme of domestic felicity, and amply securing it so long as they lasted. But Richard Edgeworth was such a remorseless utilitarian that it is a wonder his influence upon his daughter, which

apparently was boundless, should not have dried up those qualities which made her an admirable story-teller. She was fifty years old when he died, and up to this period (she had commenced author very early) he had had a hand indirectly in all Miss Edgeworth's production; he had supplied them with those injudicious prefaces in which, by pointing, with a terribly stiff forefinger, the moral of the tale and scraping the pill of its innocent sugar, he did his best to frighten away the reader. He left his mark, indeed, upon all his daughter's work, and made it not only didactic, but narrowly didactic. Miss Edgeworth had little imagination, but she had great humor and great powers of observation, and it is probable that if she had grown up in a more æsthetic circle her tales would have had all the good sense which they actually possess, and in addition a certain charm in which they are noticeably wanting. Her father undertook to teach her to write stories as a young person might be taught the use of the sewing-machine or the art of a telegraph-operator. She was a very apt pupil; but her first tales—the admirable "Parent's Assistant"—were written out on a slate, on subjects provided by her terrible monitor, and read aloud to him for correction. She was very docile; she speaks of his "allowing her" for many years to copy his letters. Whenever she thought of a subject she always told him of it, and he replied, "Sketch that, and show it to me." Then he gave or not, as might be, his *visé* to the sketch. "One of his friends, Dr. Darwin," says Mr. Hayward, "must have won Edgeworth's heart at once by his definition of a fool: 'A fool, Mr. Edgeworth, you know, is a man who never tried an experiment in his life.'" Judged by this standard, Miss Edgeworth's parent must have been a perfect Solomon. It is probable, to do him justice, that he should have credit for many of the good portions of his daughter's writings. Mr. Hayward makes a very sound and sensible estimate of these productions, of which the upshot is that they are still well worth reading—an opinion which quite tallies with our last impression of them. The most noticeable article in the second of the two volumes that lie before us is a rather irritated (but perhaps all the more entertaining) review of Taine's "Notes on England." Mr. Hayward affirms in conclusion that the English are of all people the most thick-skinned, the most indifferent to foreign opinion. We have for some time past thought this something of a fallacy, and the tone of Mr. Hayward's article is in contradiction with his theory. But the paper in question contains, like its companions, some very good stories, and the author makes some excellent points as against the too neat generalizations of the brilliant French critic.

Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, his Sister, and Others, from 1844 to 1870. Translated from the German by F. Maxse. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1878. 16mo, pp. x, 259.)—These letters, as a nearly continuous series, are of the years from 1844 to 1866, the thirtieth and the fifty-second respectively of the writer's life; and the present translation is authorized, being dedicated by permission to Princess Bismarck. They are classified by periods, in sequence, as letters of youth, of the early years of marriage, of the time of the Frankfort mission, the St. Petersburg and the Paris embassies, of the parliamentary struggle of 1862-1865, and of the Austrian war; besides which there is a supplementary or non-serial letter of 1870, one which was captured by *francs-tireurs* soon after the battle of Sedan, and first published in a French newspaper. One important omission of two years will be noticed among these periods—a time to which Bismarck alludes briefly in these letters, but with evident pleasure in the recollection, as "the fighting position" of 1848-9. Writing ten years later he says (p. 98) that some of his acquaintance still trembled at the reminiscences of 1848, and were "like a pigeon-cote that has caught sight of a weasel, so alarmed are they by democracy, barricades, parliament." Of course there is a sufficient political interest in the letters here given, though they are edited with judicious exclusions. But their main interest, at this distance of time from the events they mention, is not political; it is that which belongs to any correspondence that is quite sincerely written; and such, by the internal evidence, this is. This interest, indeed, for those who read at all between the lines, belongs only in a less degree to insincerely written letters: it is that of the intimate revelation of character. The "man of blood and iron," of direct rather than subtle intelligence, of mastering will, the world knew already; it is pleasant to find here, too, the man of humor, of melancholy sentiment, and of philosophic superiority to the pomps and vanities which, especially in Germany, seem to have tried his soul from the beginning. This is one among many passages in the latter tone. Bismarck is writing from Baden in August, 1863:

"The king is well, but besieged with intrigues. . . . I wish some intrigue or other would get another ministry in, so that I could turn my back with honor on this uninterrupted flow of ink, and live quietly in the country. It is no life for an honest country gentleman, and I see a benefactor in every one who seeks to turn me out."

Five years before that time he had written: "When I find that the parts of the diplomatist and the gentleman are no longer compatible one with the other, the pleasure or the burden of expending a high salary with credit will not mislead me in my choice." The impression conveyed throughout these letters is that Bismarck, in respect to his political life, is a Diogenes, who, in an hour of weakness, has been persuaded out of his tub, and who regrets the emergence as an error. But in its humor, its melancholy, its self-consciousness, Bismarck's is a thoroughly modern mind; in his lack of intellectual subtlety and in his downright religious convictions he is less evidently of our time, orthodoxy being now in Germany, for the most part, at least among the *Hofwelt*, an anachronism. He writes thus in 1851: "It is incomprehensible to me how any human being who thinks about himself at all, and who is ignorant, or who chooses to remain ignorant, of God, can live under his load of self-contempt and ennui. I do not know how I bore it formerly." Fourteen years later he says: "He who calls me an unconscientious politician does me wrong; let him first put his own conscience to the proof." But he admits in the same letter (to André von Roman) that "there are undoubtedly a great number of Christians in the parties opposed to me by political necessity who are far ahead of me on the way to salvation, with whom, notwithstanding, I have to live in strife, by virtue of matters which are, on both sides, purely of this earth."

We have reserved but little space for passages that illustrate the tender, even the sentimental, side of the "iron" man's nature. In 1844 he writes to his sister from Norderney, where, already an invalid, he had gone to bathe, to fish, and to shoot seals. Of these he says, "I have only shot one; such a good-humored dog's face, with large, beautiful eyes, that I was quite pained about it." The letter of August, 1861, to his brother-in-law, Oscar von Arnim, comforting him on the loss of his child, is completely tender and real in its feeling. It has, too, the fresh touch which only personal knowledge can give to the ancient experiences, as where he says: "Another twenty or, in happiest case, thirty years and we are both of us beyond the cares of this life, and find with astonishment that the freshly begun life is going down hill." At the age of thirty-six, at least, Bismarck was not yet wholly a hard man. We find him describing, in a letter to his wife, one of his moods as "a soft touch of melancholy, a little home-sickness, a longing for deep woods and lakes, for a desert, for yourself and the children; and all this mixed up with a fine sunset and Beethoven." Writing to her a year later he quotes in English (not quite correctly, as our older readers may remark) the romantic song which English young folks hummed in many countries thirty years ago: "Where did I get that song from," he says, "which has been haunting me the whole day:

"Over the blue mountain, over the white sea-foam,
Come, thou beloved one, come to thy lonely home!"

Other traits which will have for many readers of these letters the charm of surprise are the strong domesticity of the writer, as shown in the many household commissions that he gives and accepts, and his hatred of ministerial work and of the annoyances which go with it. "Last night," he says, for instance, "worked till one o'clock, and then, instead of sand, I poured ink over the paper, so that it ran all over my knee." All these lesser traits help to make up a lively picture of this extremely real and human character. Complete vigor and genuineness of nature, combined with rare patience and good humor, rather than a profound insight, have given Prince von Bismarck his position in European affairs. These letters alone are enough to show that their writer was never destined to an inferior place.

Hygiene of the Brain and Nerves. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. (New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.)—This book is dull at the beginning, but interesting towards the end. It consists of two parts. The first is occupied by a few pages of anatomy and physiology, by the lucubrations of the writer—who is a "vegetarian," though not an uncompromising one—and by a collection of miscellaneous paragraphs from various physiological and quasi-physiological writers, from Brown-Séquard to Amariah Brigham, M.D. One need not concern himself at length with this olio, nor with such confirmation of the author's views of hygiene as may be found in the quoted letter, for instance, of "Dr. Abby Cutter, a thoughtful and earnest physician." Three sentences, even, are too many to come

between us and the second part of the book, which is made up of original letters from "distinguished men and women" to the number of twenty-eight, and of various degrees of distinction, from Francis W. Newman to Julia Smith; *stella enim a stella differt in claritate*. These letters describe the various "physical and intellectual habits" of their writers. They illustrate, too, with but few exceptions—such, for instance, as Dr. Gleason's very judicious "Plea for Hunting" as the best recreation for the student, and Dr. Todd's praise of joiner's tools for the same purpose—the notions and crotchets of intelligent men; they call attention to the uncultivated places which remain even in highly cultivated minds, and which are never more likely to be revealed than when the lay scholar is betrayed into descanting upon diseases and their cure. These ingenious correspondents are, for the most part, considerably more interesting than they intended to be. Here, for instance, we find the distinguished author of the 'Phases of Faith' in trespass upon the domain of pathology. In the most naïf of letters about his health he mentions "a terrible fever" which he had at Aleppo in 1831, and says: "I now impute that fever entirely to my ignorantly continuing to eat heartily of flesh-meat in that climate. Five immense efforts of nature, by violent sweating, did but temporarily throw the fever off; a sixth was successful." Dr. F. W. Newman's views would be received well in Concord, if we may judge by the letter of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott. It is nothing if not luminous, and contains this account of the ideal or transcendental bill of fare, or, better, in his own phrase, "the full table of human innerments." "Fruits," Mr. Alcott says, "rank first and highest in the pyramid: bread properly next; and vegetables lowest, and last. The distilled juices are forbidden. Flesh, if entering but slightly, is to the fairest temperaments especially unfriendly, if not demoralizing: The less of it the better; the more genially the body answers to the mind: the more ideal, spiritual, nor the less practical." Dr. T. L. Nichols writes from London to celebrate his own dietetic example, which is based, apparently, upon transcendental principles, though we fear that he is pushing them to the extreme. He says that he is living on brown bread, milk, and American dried apples, at a total cost for "innerments" of ten cents per day; and writing, meanwhile, "from twelve to fifteen hours" out of the twenty-four. He adds, almost piteously, "my stomach has such light work that all life flows freely to the brain, and I can work on hour after hour." One might apprehend, in such a case, that a compensation would be set up between the quality of the writing and that of the food. But the experiment is an interesting one, and we are sorry to note that Dr. Nichols proposes stopping the milkman, and keeping, henceforth, to the brown bread and the American dried apples as a strictly "Pythagorean" diet; for on these terms we cannot be wholly without fear as to the future of the experimenter.

Less ethereal is the regimen of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, who proposes boldly, as suitable for the human brain, "a nourishing diet, abundance of blood, and a sufficiency of sleep." His letter seems, indeed, almost misplaced among the mild Brahminic ruminations of his fellow-correspondents, but at the end of it he quite confuses the neophyte by summing up, with what seems to us a certain want of light, as follows: "Under a proper cerebral hygiene," he says, "there should be a consciousness of vital action, a gentle warmth, and a slight tension over the head generally, and especially in the superior regions"; and one's embarrassment is increased by hearing from Mr. Frothingham that habitually in his case, on the contrary, at least during the evening, "the brain was allowed to cool, and the blood encouraged to circulate evenly through the frame." There seems to be, indeed, no accord among the practices and the theories of these teachers. The late Mr. Bryant, for instance, abjured tea and coffee and practised gymnastic exercises an hour and a half every morning; while William Howitt, his contemporary and rival in length of years, used tea and coffee all his life and abjured gymnastics. Mr. Bryant startles us by remarking that as a part of his daily exercise he employed a brisk motion of the arms "in such a manner as to open the chest." The Rev. Charles Cleveland goes even farther, saying, "I have found it a very important object to keep the body open." In the English style of Mr. Cleveland, at least, one might fear, perhaps, some inaccuracy of expression; but in any case we should not reject without due enquiry the hygienic methods, though they may seem ultra-Spartan in their severity, which enabled this long-lived clergyman to reach the age of ninety-nine and to surpass Mr. Bryant's age by the term of fifteen years.

We have said enough to indicate the unusual character of these confessions, which might be properly called medical letters by inepters. It would be interesting to know by what ingenuity of compliment the compiler of this little book prevailed upon his more fastidious corre-

spondents to explain their bodily ailments to the public, and the limitations of their reading to the carping critic. The circular-letter by which this was effected must have been a masterpiece in its way. One glimpse of it, too brief, we get in Bronson Alcott's response: "You wish to know how I have trained my brain to such fine thinking." If one wished to generalize about this little book, he might say that it represented the Anglo-Saxon love of hobby-horses, and the Anglo-Saxon slowness in distinguishing between one's knowledge and one's guesses. We especially commend 'Mental Hygiene' to the recent critic in the *Rundschau*, as pregnant with material for his studies in "Halb-Cultur."

A History of Roman Literature: from the earliest period to the death of Marcus Aurelius. By Charles Thomas Cruttwell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. With chronological tables, etc., for the use of students. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 503.)—Mr. Cruttwell has given us a genuine history of Roman literature; not merely a descriptive list of authors and their productions, but a well-elaborated portrayal of the successive stages in the intellectual development of the Romans, and the various forms of expression which these took in literature. The individual authors are not unduly subordinated to the whole of which they form a part; but their merit and value are much better appreciated by bringing them thus into organic relation to one another, as representatives of the successive phases of the Roman mind.

The literary part of the work—of course, much the largest part—is excellent. The analysis of the authors of the first rank, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, etc., is admirable; they are looked at from more than one point of view, and their careers are fairly appreciated in the light of the history and politics of their time. The treatment of the lesser authors has the same merit, with an elaboration proportioned to their importance. We are surprised that no more is said with regard to the partisanship of Tacitus. So many scholars have of late undertaken to defend Tiberius, at least, against his charges, and to show that the historian is prejudiced and unfair, that we looked for a careful discussion on this point, such as we have upon some matters of even inferior importance, touching earlier authors. Next in importance to the literary point of view comes the philological; and this, too, is excellent. The history of the language, the alphabet, and the metre, the notes, appendices, and remarks upon subjects connected with the language, are all very satisfactory. Points of antiquities are not always so well done; the account of the law-courts, for example (p. 119), is defective in many particulars. The people are said to have delegated their judicial power "in public matters to the senate, and in general legal cases to the prætor's court." Precisely what is meant by the first statement we cannot say. By "general legal cases" is no doubt meant civil jurisdiction, to which the regular judicial powers of the prætors were confined until the establishment of the *questiones perpetuæ*. When the author says below that the prætor on coming into office issued an *edictum perpetuum*, which might become *tralatitium* by being "handed on," he follows the authority of the older scholars, who define *edictum perpetuum* as "standing edict," for the year, that is. But the

latest authorities define it, as Sir Henry Maine does ('Ancient Law,' p. 60), as being in reality a code of laws, growing out of the *edictum tralatitium* of successive years. Again, the prætors are said to have taken their *judices* for the determination of cases from a body of *judices selecti*; but this body belongs to a later period, that of the *questiones perpetuæ*. On the next page it is said that Sulla increased the number of prætors to ten (it should be eight—Cæsar made the number ten), and that each presided over one of the standing courts. But the *prætor urbanus* and *peregrinus* continued to be confined to civil jurisdiction, so that there were only six prætors to preside over these courts. He is said further to have had a "quæstor or chief juror" as an assessor—a very surprising statement. The *quæstor* was the title of the president of the court, and this was, of course, the prætor himself; but as there were fewer prætors than there were courts, other officers had to be found to act as *quæstor* in certain cases. Thus, in the *questio inter sicarios* a *judex quæstionis* of *adilician* rank often presided. The confusion of the statement in question appears to arise from the fact that in the *questiones sodaliciorum* and *de vi* the *quæstor* was a chief juror or foreman of the jury, never a magistrate. (See Mommsen, 'Römisches Staatsrecht,' ii. p. 547.) On page 130 Quintus Scævola, the pontifex, is incorrectly called nephew of his namesake the augur. It was the grandfather of the pontifex and the father of the augur that were brothers.

There is a good chronological table, a list of editions (good so far as it goes, but not nearly full enough), and a very useful set of questions or subjects for essays, one hundred and sixteen in number.

* Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Brooklyn Library Catalogue, Part II.	(Brooklyn)
Bruce (W.), The Land of Bruce: Poetry.	Lee & Shepard
Brunt (W.), Daisies: Poetry.	7 50
Burr (C. H.), Plans of Doric Temples.	(Cambridge)
Caledonia Described by Scott, Burns, and Ramsay.	(H. Worthington)
Cook (J.), Holiday Tour in Europe.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Corson (Juliet), Cooking-School Text-book.	(Orange Judd Co.)
De Kay (C.), The Bohemian.	(Chas. Scribner's Sons)
Feillet (O.), The Diary of a Woman, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Fisher (H. O.), Colored Cadet at West Point.	(Homer Lee & Co.)
Gilder (R. W.), The Poet and his Master: Poetry.	(Chas. Scribner's Sons)
Guerrini (O.), La Vita e le Opere di Giulio Cesare, Croce, swd.	(N. Zanichelli)
Hardy (T.), Return of the Native.	(Henry Holt & Co.)
Holmes (Prof. O. W.), John Lothrop Motley.	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Jacqués (Dr. D. H.), Temperaments.	(S. R. Wells & Co.)
Kathariner (D.), Manuel du Voyageur.	(R. Westermann & Co.)
Kingsley (Rev. C.), Sermons for the Times.	(Clarendon Manuf. Co.)
Locke (D. R.), A Paper City.	(Lee & Shepard)
Macdonald (G.), Paul Faber, Surgeon.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Macfarlane (J.), American Geological Railway Guide.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Magazine of American History, Vol. 3.	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)
Morley (Prof. H.), English Plays.	(Cassell, Petter & Galpin)
Roscher (Prof. W.), Principles of Political Economy, 2 vols.	(Henry Holt & Co.)
Savage (J.), Picturesque Ireland, Part 4, swd.	(Thomas Kelly)
Schaff (Rev. P.), Popular Commentary on the New Testament, Vol. 1.	(Chas. Scribner's Sons)
Shepherd (R. H.), Bibliography of Ruskin.	(J. H. Wiley & Sons)
Smith (Prof. G.), Political Geography of Canada.	(Willing & Williamson)
Social Etiquette of New York.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Socrates.	(Chas. Scribner's Sons)
Stelzer's Educational Directory for 1878.	(E. Steiger)
Talmadge (Rev. T. De W.), Night Sides of City Life, swd.	(F. O. Evans & Co.)
Vernon (J.), Dick Sand.	(Chas. Scribner's Sons)
Winter (W.), The Trip to England, swd.	(Lee & Shepard)
Winthrop (R. C.), Addresses and speeches, 1869-79.	(Little, Brown & Co.)

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